

# VALENTINIAN: A TRAGEDY.

As 'tis Alter'd by the late  
EARL of ROCHESTER.

And Acted at the

## Theatre-Royal.

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Together with a Preface concerning the Author  
and his Writings.

*By one of his Friends.*

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L O N D O N :

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THE  
P R E F A C E.

**I** Am desir'd to let the World know, that my late Lord Rochester intended to have alter'd and corrected this Play much more than it is, before it had come abroad, and to have mended not only those Scenes of Fletcher which remain, but his own too, and the Model of the Plot it self. If therefore the Reader do not find it every where to answer the great Reputation of the Author; if he think the Plot too thin, or any of the Scenes too long, 'tis hop'd he will be so just to remember, that he looks upon an unfinish'd Piece, and what faults soever of this or any other kind some may pretend to see, who cannot yet forgive my Lord the having had more Wit than themselves, we have all the reason imaginable to conclude from the correctness of his other Poetry, that had he liv'd to put the last Hand to this, he wou'd have left true Criticks and impartial Judges no business but to admire; especially if we consider how much he has mended the old Play by that little he has done to it, for he had but just drawn it into a regular Form, and laid the Plane of what he further design'd, when his Countrey and his Friends had the irreparable misfortune to loose him. But as the loosest Negligence of a great Genius is infinitely preferable to that obscura diligentia, of which Terence speaks, the obscure diligence and labour'd Ornaments of little Pretenders; and as the rudest Drawings of famous Hands have been always more esteem'd (especially among the knowing) than the most perfect Pieces of ordinary Painters, the Publishers of Valentinian cou'd not but believe, the World wou'd thank 'em for any thing that was of my Lord Rochester's manner, tho' it might want some of those nicer Beauties, those Gracifstrokes and finishing Touches, which are so remarkable both in his former and latter Writings: and yet as imperfect as Valentinian is left, I am of opinion his Enemies will not meet with that occasion in it for their Ill-nature, which perhaps they expect; for b-sides that my Lord has made it a Play, which he did not find it, the chief business of it

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(as Fletcher had contriv'd it) ending with the Fourth Act, and a new Design, which has no kind of relation to the other, is introduc'd in the Fifth, contrary to a Fundamental Rule of the Stage; I say besides that 'tis now adorn'd with that necessary Beauty of a Play, the Unity of Action, and judiciously heighten'd and reform'd through the whole conduct of the Plot from what it was, those Scenes which my Lord has added, have a graciffulness in the Cast, a justness in the Sense, and a nobleness in the Genius, altogether like himself, which (to do my Lord but a bare Right) is far beyond that of most men who write now, and equal even to the Fancy of Fletcher, which I think no man's can exceed, there is a chearfulness in it that is every where entertaining, and a Mettle that never tires. But as my Lord in the suiting of his Style to that of Fletcher, (which he here seems to have endeavour'd, that the Play might look more of a Piece) cannot with any justice be deny'd the Glory of having reach'd his most admir'd Heights, and to have match'd him in his Fancy, which was his chief Excellence, so it must be also confess'd, that my Lord's constant living at Court, and the Conversation of Persons of Quality, to which from his greenest Youth both his Birth and his Choice had accusom'd him, gave him some great Advantages above this so much and so justly applauded Author, I mean, a nicer knowledge both of Men and Manners, an Air of good Breeding, and a Gentleman like easiness in all he writ, to which Fletcher's obscure Education, and the mean Company he kept, had made him wholly a Stranger. If it were at all proper to pursue a Comparison, where there is so little Resemblance, tho' Fletcher might be allow'd some Preference in the skill of a Playwright, (a thing my Lord had not much study'd) in the contrivance and working up of a passionate Scene, yet my Lord had so many other far more eminent Virtues to lay in the contrary Scale, as must necessarily weigh down the Ballance; for sure there has not liv'd in many Ages (if ever) so extraordinary, and I think I may add so useful a Person, as most Englishmen know my Lord to have been, whether we consider the constant good Sense, and the agreeable Mirth of his ordinary Conversation, or the vast Reach and Compass of his Invention, and the wonderful Depths of his retir'd Thoughts, the uncommon Graces of his Fashion, or the inimitable Turns of his Wit, the becoming gentleness, the bewitching softness of his Civility, or the force and fitness of his Satyre; for as he was both the Delight and the Wonder of Men, the Love and the Dotage of Women, so he was a continual Curb to Impertinence, and the publick Censor of Folly. Never did

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did Man stay in his Company un-entertain'd, or leave it un-instructed; never was his Understanding bias'd, or his Pleasantness forc'd; never did he laugh in the wrong place, or prostitute his Sense to serve his Luxury; never did he stab into the Wounds of fallen Virtue, with a base and cowardly Insult, or smooch the Face of prosperous Villany, with the Paint and Washes of a mercenary Wit; never did he spare a Fop for being rich, or flatter a Knave for being great. As most men had an Ambition (thinking it an indisputable Title to Wit) to be in the number of his Friends, so few were his Enemies, but such as did not know him, or such as hated him for what others lov'd him, and never did he go among Strangers but he gain'd Admirers, if not Friends, and commonly of such who had been before prejudic'd against him. Never was his Talk thought too much, or his Visit too long; Enjoyment did but increase Appetite, and the more men had of his Company, the less willing they were to part with it. He had a Wit that cou'd make even his Spleen and his Ill-humour pleasant to his Friends, and the publick chiding of his Servants, which wou'd have been Ill-breeding and intolerable in any other man, became not only civil and inoffensive, but agreeable and entertaining in him. A Wit that cou'd please the most morose, persuade the most obstinate, and soften the most obdurate. A Wit whose Edge cou'd ease by cutting, and whose Point cou'd tickle while it prov'd. A Wit that us'd to nip in the very Bud the growing Fopperies of the Times, and keep down those Weeds and Suckers of Humanity; nor was it an Enemy to such only as are troublesome to men of sense in Conversation, but to those also (of a far worse Nature) that are destructive of publick Good, and pernicious to the common interest of Mankind; that Vein of Knavery that has of late years run through all Orders and Degrees of men among us, spreading it self like a pestilential Poyson through the great and lesser Arteries of our seeming strong-built Leviathan, damping and corrupting the Blood, and choking the very vital Spirits of the Kingdom.

I might here take occasion to point out in particular, and lash (as they deserve) those daily-increasing Vices and long uncorrected Follies, which are our present Grievances: the Subject is but too fruitful, and the Usefulness too apparent, nor cou'd I ever purchase Reputation at a cheaper rate; nothing is more easie than to pull off the thin Veil, and bare the vileness of those odious Practices, which some who are ready at any time to run with a Multitude to do mischief, applaud for the highest Virtue and Merit; nothing requires less skill, than to baffle  
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and expose to universal Contempt those slight and trivial Notions, which others who seem given over to believe a Lye, cry up for Master-pieces of Wit and Reason; to name 'em for Arguments is to ridicule 'em, and but to state 'em right is to confute 'em. But common prudence will teach a man not to hurt himself, while he vainly endeavours the good of others; for as there never was any Time or Countrey that wanted Satyre so much, that cou'd bear it so little as ours, so the men I wou'd reform are a sort of harden'd irreclaimable Block-heads, whose Understandings seem perfect Solids, as dead to Wit, and as insensible of Reason, as if their Souls and their Bodies (according to Hobbes's Philosophy) were both made of the same stuff, and equally impenetrable; so ty'd to their little Prejudices, and so wilful in their Blindness, that were they in a Storm at Sea, that threaten'd every moment those Lives and Fortunes of which they are sometimes so unnecessarily prodigal, it wou'd be impossible to make 'em own, there were a breath of Wind stirring, unless it suited with their Humours, or was to the purpose of their Folly. With them Seeing in some Cases is not B-lieving, and the most perfect sence they have [if it cross their Inclination] must pass for an Irish Evidence. I shall leave therefore to their own Conduct and Destiny this forlorn Hope of Ignorance and Stupidity, and return to what I was saying of my Lord Rochester.

He had a Wit that was accompanied with an unaffected greatness of Mind, and a natural Love to Justice and Truth; a Wit that was in perpetual War with Knavery, and ever attacking those kind of Vices most, whose malignity was like to be most diffusive, such as tended more immediately to the prejudice of publick Bodies, and were of a common Nuisance to the happiness of humane kind. Never was his Pen drawn but on the side of good Sence, and usually imploy'd like the Arms of the ancient Heroes, to stop the progress of arbitrary Oppression, and beat down the Bruitishness of headstrong Will; to do his King and Countrey justice upon such publick State-Thieves, as wou'd beggar a Kingdom to enrich themselves, who abusing the Confidence, and underserving the Favour of a gracious Prince, will not be asham'd to maintain the cheating of their Master, by the robbing and starving of their fellow-Servants, and under the best Form of Government in the World blush not to live upon the spoyle of others, till by their impudent Violations of Right, they grow like Beasts of Prey, Hostes humani Generis. These were the Vermin whom [to his eternal Honour] his Pen was continually pricking and goading. A Pen, if  
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not so happy in the Success, as generous in the Aim, as either the Sword of Theseus, or the Club of Hercules; nor was it less sharp than that, or less weighty than this. If he did not take so much care of himself as he ought, he had the Humanity however to wish well to others, and I think I may truly affirm, he did the World as much good by a right application of Satyre, as he hurt himself by a wrong pursuit of Pleasure.

I must not here forget, that a considerable time before his last Sickness, his Wit began to take a more serious Bent, and to frame and fashion it self to publick Business; he begun to inform himself of the Wisdom of our Laws, and the excellent Constitution of the English Government, and to speak in the House of Peers with general approbation; he was inquisitive after all kind of Histories, that concern'd England, both ancient and modern, and set himself to read the Journals of Parliament Proceedings. In effect, he seem'd to study nothing more, than which way to make that great Understanding God had given him, most useful to his Countrey, and I am confident, had he liv'd, his riper Age wou'd have serv'd it, as much as his Youth had diverted it. Add to this, the generosity of his Temper, and the affability of his good Sense; the willingness he still shou'd to raise the oppress'd, and the pleasure he took to humble the proud; the constant readiness of his Parts, and that great presence of Mind, that never let him want a fit and pertinent Answer to the most sudden and unexpected Question, [a Talent as useful as 'tis rare] the admirable skill he was Master of, to countermine the Plots of his Enemies, and break through the Traps that were laid for him, to work himself out of the entanglement of unlucky Accidents, and repair the Indiscretions of his Youth, by the quickness and fineness of his Wit; the strang facility he had to talk to all Capacities in their own Dialect, and make himself good Company to all kind of People at all times; so that if we wou'd find a Soul to resemble that beautiful Portraiture of Man, with which Lucretius [according to his sublime manner of Description] complements his Friend Memmius, when he says that Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, and second Cause of all things, had form'd him to excel [and that upon all occasions] in every necessary Grace and Virtue; I say, if we wou'd justifie this charming Picture, and clear it from flattery even to humane Nature, we must set it by my late Lord Rochester; of him it may be truly said in the fullest sence of the words,

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*Quem tu Dea, tempore in omni,  
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.*

*What*



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What last, and most of all, deserves admiration in my Lord, was his Poetry, which alone is Subject enough for perpetual Panegyrick. But the Character of it is so generally known; it has so eminently distinguish'd it self from that of other men, by a thousand irresistible Beauties; every Body is so well acquainted with it, by the effect it has had upon 'em, that to trace and single out the several Graces, may seem a Task as superfluous, as to describe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Mistress's Face. 'Tis sufficient to observe, that his Poetry, like himself, was all Original, and has a stamp so particular, so unlike any thing that has been writ before, that as it disdain'd all servile imitation, and copying from others, so neither is it capable (in my opinion) of being copy'd, any more than the manner of his Discourse could be copy'd; the Excellencies are too many and too masterly; on the other side the Faults are few, and those inconsiderable; their Eyes must be better than ordinary, who can see the minute spots, with which so bright a Jewel is stain'd, or rather set off, for those it has are of the kind which Horace says, can never offend.

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*Quas aut incuria fudit;  
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.*

Such little Negligences as Humanity cannot be exempt from, and such as perhaps were necessary to make his Lines run natural and easie; for as nothing is more disagreeable either in Verse or Prose than a slovenly looseness of Style, so on the other hand too nice a Correctness will be apt to deaden the Life, and make the Piece too stiff; between these two Extreams is the just Character of my Lord Rochester's Poetry to be found, nor do I know any thing that the severest Critick, who will be impartial, can object, unless he will say (as some have done) that there is not altogether so much strength and closeness in my Lord's Style, as in that of one of his Friends, a Person of great Quality and Worth, whom I think it not proper to name, because he has never yet publicly own'd any of his Writings, tho' none have been more generally or more justly admir'd; but if my Lord's Sense be not always so strong and full [for often it is] as that of this Honourable Person his Friend, yet in revenge the Spirit that diffuses it self through the Whole, and warms and animates every Part, the nearness of his Thought, the liveliness of his Expression, the purity of his Phrase, and the delicacy of his Turn is admirable; if he does not say so much in so little Compass, yet he says always enough to please what he

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wants in Force, is supply'd in Grace, and where he has not this strength and fulness of Sense, that is so much his Friends particular Talent, he has Touches that are more affecting, so that when we do not find it, we do not miss it. To conclude this Point, his Poetry has every where a Tincture of that unaccountable Charm in his Fashion and Conversation, that peculiar Becomingness in all he said and did, that drew the Eyes and won the Hearts of all who came near him.

The Reader may perhaps judge a Discourse of this nature very unnecessary; I am apt to believe, no unprejudic'd man, who has read my Lord Rochester's Writings, will think they can need a Defence; or that any of his Enemies shou'd be so forsaken both of common Justice and common Sense, so blind in their Vanity, and so unskillful in their Malice, as to tax him with any failing in Wit; He whose Name was the very Mark it pass'd by, and who seem'd to have in his Keeping the Privy-Seal of Sense; and yet some such there are, who having no way to be remarkable above the ordinary Level of Mankind, but by being singular, will needs assault him on this his strongest side, and give occasion for more than has been yet said in his favour; a sort of men, who have been always so in Love with themselves, as never to be able to see any merit or hear any praise but their own, looking on what is paid elsewhere [how due soever] as so much stolen from them, and mistaking their own Talents as much as they undervalue other men's, are perpetually doing that most which least becomes 'em; in spite of the friendly Admonitions of daily Satyre, and the Remonstrances of almost all the Town, tir'd with the Persecution, they persist in an untoward spiritless Vein of Rhiming, being perhaps too considerable [in their own opinions] to design the pleasing any Body but themselves, and so far certainly they are in the Right, in that they do not aim at what they can never effect; Men who have got the Form of Poetry without the Power, and by a laborious Insipidness, a possib'd Dulness, seem not design'd to't as a Diversion, but condemn'd to't as a Penance for some yet unexpiated Sin of their Forefathers; Men who like old Lovers are curst with a strong Inclination and weak Abilities, to whom nothing is more unlucky, than an opportunity to satisfy their unnatural Longings; fatal to them is the Favour of their Muse, especially if [because they have ill Meens and ugly Faces] they set up for Satyres; when most they wou'd serve the Lust of their Spite, they do but betray the Impotence of their Wit; but they despair to put off that sorry stock they have, till by under-rating other men's they have starv'd the Market, by disgracing Commodities of an

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*intrinsic Worth and staple Price, they hope to recommend their Gawze and Tinsel. In the number of these Well-wishers to Verse and men that are towards Wit, we may reckon [and that without doing him any Wrong] the conceal'd Author of the late Essay upon Poetry, who has in Print made a most unjust, and [to his power] a most malicious Reflexion upon my Lord Rochester's since his death, a Reflexion not more ungenerous in the time and manner of publishing it, than absurd in the sense and matter, as I shall presently make appear, for having always profess'd to be my Lord's Friend, I cannot but think my self oblig'd upon this occasion to vindicate his Memory from so undeserv'd a Libel. Had my Lord been living, I am of opinion we had never seen either the Reflexion or the Essay. This Author [wherever he is, or how fond soever he may be of his own Parts] could not but know himself as unfit to play a Prize in Satyre with my late Lord Rochester, as feeble Troilus was heretofore to fight single with Achilles, and therefore probably wou'd not have provok'd a man, who could have beat him to the ground with one stroke of his Pen, and have for ever crush'd his creeping Wit; Or had he had Bravery enough to attack my Lord while he was alive, he wou'd certainly have had Honour enough to let him alone when he was dead; but as he could not but be sensible, any false Criticism upon my Lord's Poetry during his Life, must needs turn to the Critick's shame, so neither could he hope while my Lord liv'd an Indemnity for the dulness of his own; it wou'd have been to no purpose then, to pick up Scraps of Bossu, Rapin, Boileau, Mr. Dryden's Prefaces, and Table-Talk, [for every one of these have a large share in his Essay] and send 'em into the World for a new Art of Poetry, especially after he had defac'd the native Beauty of their thoughts, by new casting 'em in the Mould of a flat unmusical Verse, and put out all the spirit by the coldness and deadness of his Expression; my Lord wou'd never have suffer'd such a Coyner and Debauser of other men's Bullion, to take upon him the Authority of a Say-Master, nor his light alloy'd Mettle to pass upon the Town for sterling; he who by his great Mastery in Satyre seem'd to be particularly trusted with the Justice of Apollo, did not use to let the Purlainers of Wit retail their stolen Goods to the People, without bringing 'em to open shame, nor Quacks and Mountebanks in Poetry, furnish'd with nothing but a few borrow'd Recipes, to put on the Face and Gravity, and appear in publick with the pride and positiveness of Doctors; the vaineft Pretenders in his time, the most confident Essayers, cou'd and aw'd under the known force of a sense so*  
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superiour to their own, were glad at any rate to keep their empty Heads out of Observation, as the Fowl of a whole Countrey creep into the Bushes, when an Eagle hangs hovering above 'em. If ever they attempted to make Verses, 'twas with the same secrecy that others make Love, and none were troubled with the sight of 'em, but those who had the ill fortune to be their particular Friends; however they might sometimes lye under the suspicion of Poetry, they took care there should never be Evidence enough to convict 'em; and happy did they then think themselves, if in parting with their vain hope of passing for Wits, they could escape being mark'd out for Fops; 'tis true, some few remain'd incorrigible even then, [as always there will be some whom no kind of good sense how forcible soever can make any Impression upon] but for the most part, Ignorance began to wear the Mask of Modesty, which is certainly her most becoming Dress, and men were contented to be no wiser than God had made 'em; at least those who wanted Wit, did not contrive [as the manner now is] to make their dulness remarkable, by exposing to the World their painful and fruitless Endeavours after it, but were willing to be valued for some other Talent [perhaps more beneficial] which Nature in her equitable distribution of things had given 'em instead of it. Thus was Vanity kept within some tolerable Bounds, while my Lord Rochester liv'd, by the general Dread of a Pen so severe and impartial. But his Death has prov'd a Jubilee to the little Witslings of the Town, by which they have got Indulgence for a thousand Fopperies, more mischievous and more senseless than were ever yet imported from France, and as much empty Rhime as they are capable of committing as long as they live; nor have they spar'd to use this Poetical Licence to the utmost extent of men's patience; Never was there known so many Kersifiers, and so few Poets; every Ass that's Romantick, believes he's inspir'd, and none have been so forward to teach others as those who cannot write themselves; every man is ready to be a Judge, but few will be at the trouble to understand, and none are more blind to the faults of their own Poetry, than those who are so sharp-sighted in other men's; Every Fop that falls in Love, thinks he has a Right to make Songs, and all kind of People that are gifted with the least knowledge of Latin and Greek, pretend to translate; the most reverenc'd Authors of Antiquity, have not been able to escape the Conceitdness of Essayers, nor Hudibras himself, that admirable Original, his little Apes, tho' so artless are their Imitations, so unlike and so livelless are their Copies, that 'twere impossible to guess after what Hands they drem, if their Vanity did not take care to inform us in the Title-Page. Fir



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For Satyre, that most needful part of our Poetry, it has of late been more abus'd, and is grown more degenerate than any other; most commonly like a Sword in the hands of a Mad-man, it runs a Tilt at all manner of Persons without any sort of distinction or reason, and so ill-guided is this furious Career, that the Thrusts are most aim'd, where the Enemy is best arm'd. Womens Reputations [of what Quality or Conduct soever] have been reckon'd as lawful Game as Watchmen's Heads, and 'tis thought as glorious a piece of Gallantry by some of our modern Sparks, to libel a Woman of Honour, as to kill a Constable who is doing his duty; Justice is not in their Natures, and all kind of useful knowledge lyes out of the way of their Breeding; Slander therefore is their Wit, and Dresse is their Learning; Pleasure their Principle, and Interest their God. But how infamous, insipid, or ignorant soever the Authors themselves are, their Satyres want not stinging, for upon no better Evidence than those poetical Fables and palpable Forgeries, the poor Ladies, whose little Plots they pretend to discover, are either made Prisoners in their own Houses, or banish'd into the Countrey during Life; tho' so ill-colour'd generally is the Spite, and so utterly void of all common probability are the brutal Censures, that stuff up their licentious Lampoons, that 'tis not easie to determine, which of the two deserve most to be laugh'd at, the Fantastical Foplings that write 'em, or the Cautious Coxcombs that believe 'em. But what is yet more wonderful, this Practice is applauded and carry'd on by those only, who esteem the gaining of handsome Women the greatest Felicity the Nature of man is capable of, make it the Burden of all their empty Talk, and the Business of their Lives; now this sole design of theirs these able Gentlemen endeavour to bring about, by doing what they can upon all occasions to fright and indeed force the whole Sex from any Commerce with men, and make all Access to 'em difficult, which is just as wise as if a man that lov'd Setting, as soon as he had found his Game, instead of observing the Wind, and preparing his Nets, shou'd hoop and hollow, and throw Stones at 'em.

This is one Branch of our present Satyre, which has much of the Nature, and more of the Wit of Jack-Pudding's Buffoon'ry, for as he, tho' he flings Dirt at every body, is angry with no body, so do these Bully-Writers perpetually assault People from whom they never receiv'd the least Provocation, and murder their good Names in cold Blood. The other is of a more serious Cast, but withal 'tis more malicious; and falling in with the baseness of a corrupt Age, does infi-



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nately more mischief; this is made to wound where it ought to defend, and cover where it shou'd expose; to contradict the very first Elements of Morality, and bid defiance to the unalterable Essence of things, by calling Good Evil, and Evil Good. Heroes have been hang up in Effigie who deserv'd Statues, while the worst of men have been cens'd with the Praises of demi-Gods; Betrayers of their Trust, and little servers of Turns have been idoliz'd, while Patriots of an unstain'd Honour, and unrepachable Conduct, who were in truth the Dü Tutelares of their distracted Countrey, have been openly blasphem'd with an impudent and witlesse Scurrility; in a word, those chiefly have been the Authors of Satyres, who ought to be the Subject, and 'tis become much more scandalous to be thought to write the best, than to be put into the most abusive.

But [as I was saying] among these Wou'd-be Poets of the Times, who have scarce any one Talent proper for the Calling, none is more eminent than the Author of the fore-nam'd Essay, who while he pretends, without the least colour of Authority, either from Art or Nature, to be the Muses Legislator, deserves not the Office of their Cryer; with so hoarse and so untunable a Voice has he republish'd the poetical Lais, not of his own, but of their true Representatives framing; however he hopes to distinguish himself from the crowd of common Writers, by a proud and spiteful Attempt upon the Reputation of my late Lord Rochester, whose one Example is worth all his Precepts. But 'tis time to examine what he objects, and see if there be any Wit in his Anger; the Maxim he lays down for the foundation of his Satyre is, That Bawdry cannot be Wit; his words are these, Page the 6th. of his Essay,

Bawdry bare-fac'd, that poor Pretence to Wit,  
Such nauseous Songs, &c.

This is new Doctrine among men of Sence, but an old thread-bare Saying among unthinking half-witted People, who judge without examining, and talk without meaning; I'll answer for him, he did not learn this of any of the Authors I mention'd before, to whom he has been so much oblig'd for most of the other Parts of his Essay; it never yet came into any man's Head, who pretended to be a Critick, except this Essayer's, that the Wit of a Poet was to be measur'd by the worth of his Subject, and that when this was bad, that must be so too; the manner of treating his Subject has been hitherto thought the true Test,  
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for as an ill Poet will depreſſe and diſgrace the beſt, ſo a good one will raiſe and dignifie the loweſt ; ſome of the moſt maſterly Strokes in Virgil are his Deſcriptions of the Employment of Bees, the Jealouſie of Bulls, the Luſt of Horſes and Boars, the cutting down of a Tree, the Working of Ants, and the Swimming and Hiſſing of Snakes ; things little and unlovely in themſelves, but noble and beautiful in the Pictures he gives us of 'em. True Genius, like the Anima Mundi, which ſome of the Ancients believ'd, will enter into the hardeſt and dryeſt thing, enrich the moſt barren Soyl, and inform the meaneſt and moſt uncomely matter ; nothing within the vaſt Immenſity of Nature, is ſo devoid of Grace, or ſo remote from Senſe, but will obey the Formings of his plaſtick Heat, and feel the Operations of his vivifying Power, which, when it pleaſes, can enliven the deadeſt Lump, beautifie the vileſt Dirt, and ſweeten the moſt offensive Filth ; this is a Spirit that blows where it liſts, and like the Philoſopher's Stone, converts into it ſelf whatſoever it touches ; Nay, the baſer, the emptier, the obſcurer, the fouler, and the leſs ſuſceptible of Ornament the Subject appears to be, the more is the Poet's Praise, who can inſuſe dignity, and breath beauty upon it, who can hide all the natural deformities in the faſhion of his Dreſſe, ſupply all the wants with his own plenty, and by a poetical Damonianism, poſſeſſe it with the ſpirit of good ſenſe and gracefullneſſe, or who [as Horace ſays of Homer] can fetch Light out of Smoak, Roſes out of Dung-hills, and give a kind of Life to the Inanimate, by the force of that divine and ſupernatural Virtue, which [if we will believe Ovid] is the Gift of all who are truly Poets :

Eſt Deus in Nobis, agitante caleſcimus illo,  
Sedibus ætheriis Spiritus ille venit.

There are no two things in the World that have a nearer affinity and reſemblance than Poetry and Painting ; the Parallel between 'em runs throughout ; every Body knows the old Adage, That Poetry is *Pictura loquens*, and Painting is *Poema ſilens*, that paints with Words, and this ſpeaks by Colours ; nay, the very Definition of the one, [as I ſhall ſhow in the purſuit of this Argument] will agree to the other ; the Art in both is the ſame, only the Tools it works with are different. To apply this now to the preſent purpoſe ; as in the examining of a Picture, the Queſtion is not what is drawn, but how the Draught is deſign'd, and the colouring laid ; 'tis not at all

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*material, whether the Object, that is set before us, be in it self amiable or deform'd, but whether the Painter has well or ill imitated that Part of Nature which he pretends to copy; so in the judging of a Poem or Verses of any kind, the Subject is no otherwise consider'd, than as it serves to prove the truth, and justify the force of the Description; for as Mr. Dryden has rightly observ'd in the Preface to his Tyrannick Love, There is as much of Art, and as near an Imitation of Nature in a Lazar as in a Venus. If the Shapings be just, and the Trimming proper, no matter for the coarseness of the Stuffe; in all true Poetry, let the Subject or Matter of the Poem be in it self never so great, or so good, 'tis still the Fashion that makes the Value, as in the selling of Filigree, men reckon more for the Work than for the Silver. Were the Essayer as well read in Latin Authors as he seems to be in French; or if his Learning cou'd carry him no further, [ as I much suspect by his Style ] wou'd he have vouchsaf'd but to look on a Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, before he had put out his own, he might have sav'd himself the shame of so fundamental a mistake as this crude Objection is guilty of; where plain common sense fail'd him, Horace wou'd have inform'd him, that Poets and Painters have been always allow'd to represent whatever they wou'd:*

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Pictoribus atque Poetis,  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

*I know Horace brings in this as an Objection to what he is discoursing, but he speaks of it at the same time as a general Maxim, and owns it himself for an undoubted Truth, for the very next Verse is,*

Scimus & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissim.

*He only restrains it at last with one Exception, which, they say, confirms a Rule:*

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut  
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigris agni.

*The sense of which is, I grant [ says He ] that Poets and Painters have an equal right to design and draw what they please, provided their Draughts and their Models be fram'd and govern'd by the nature of things; they must not joyn Serpents with Doves, nor Tygers with  
Lambs;*

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*Lambs; that is, they must not couple Contraries, and show impossible Chimeras. This is all the Caution Horace gives either to Poets or Painters; he exempts nothing that is natural from the imitation of Art, nor does he set any thing out of the reach of Fancy, that is within the bounds of Truth. I know very well that some natural Objects are not in themselves pleasant, nor others fit to be expos'd to publick View, but Decency is one thing, and Poetry and Painting, or the skill of Drawing and Describing, is another. I have been told, that in the late Auction at Whitehall, among other Pieces was set up the Picture of a Man slaing, with one Arm quite unskind, of which tho' every body dislik'd the sight, yet did no body therefore discommend the Painting. But to come closer to the Essayer's Cavil, there has not been a very famous Painter in the World, who has not made either Pictures or Drawings of Men or Women in Postures and with Parts obscene; not one of any Note, but like my Lord Rochester he has been guilty of barefac'd Bawdry. What does he think of the Hercules of Pierino del Vaga, the Venus and the Cupid of Annibal Caraccio, the Leda of Parmegiano, the Diana and the Andromeda of Titian, the sleeping Venus of Corregio, the Paris of Raphael Urbin, and the Leda of Michael Angelo? Will he say that these great Master-pieces of Genius and Skill, that have been Ornaments for the Closets of Princes, are poor Pretences to Painting, because they are obscene? Or [to presse this Argument a little further] will he condemn all the old Statues, that are yet remaining in the World [for the Parallel holds here too, and his Rule reaches even them] the Labour of so many differently excelling Hands, and the Wonder of so many years, because most of 'em are not only naked but obscene Figures? Particularly, wou'd he for this Reason deface the Hercules that is now at Rome in the Palace of Farnese, a Work more valuable than the Capitol? Can we hope no Quarter for that fam'd Apollo, and that so much prais'd Laocoon, which are plac'd in the Garden of the Vatican? Will he not pardon the two Alexanders, that are in white Marble upon Monte Cavallo, one done by Praxiteles, and the other by Phidias; the Meleager [that Miracle of Art] in the Palace of Pichini; the Mars, the Orpheus, the Bacchus, and the dying Seneca, in the Palace of Burghese, with many others, [too numerous to name] that have stood so long the shame and the despair of modern, and the Glory of ancient Artists; who employ'd as much skill, and thought it as necessary to perfect and make apparent the obscene Parts as any other whatever? Must then these venerable*

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*Relicks of Antiquity, that have escap'd the Barbarousness of Goths and Vandals, fall a Sacrifice at last to the grosser and lesse pardonable Ignorance of a whimsical Reformer? Would he have men pound 'em to dust to humour his Caprice, or must we say that Nudities are poor Pretences to Sculpture? We may say it indeed with as much truth and justice, as he can say, that my Lord Rochester's Songs are nauseous, or that his other obscene Verses are a poor Pretence to Wit; for none of the ancient Statuaries, none of those admir'd Painters whom I have nam'd, were greater Masters in their kind, than my Lord was in his; none of 'em cou'd take the Air of Nature truer; none of 'em knew how to show indecent and ill-favour'd Objects, after a more agreeable and delightful manner, nor have any of 'em grac'd their obscene Representations with a bolder strength, or a fuller Life. But lastly, [to bring this Discourse yet more home to him, and give Instances even in Poetry it self] what opinion has he of Juvenal, Martial, Petronius Arbitrator, Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid, nay and Horace too, whose Sence is often obscene, and sometimes their very Words? which I mention the rather, because he seems to lay a great Weight upon the Barefacedness of my Lord Rochester's Bawdry, and the downright obscenity of his Expression; I say, what Sentence will he pass on these so long lasting, and ever honour'd Names? Are these men poor Pretenders to Wit? Or is the Essayer a poor Pretender to Criticism? Shall we think their Poetry, that has pass'd the Test of so many Ages, or his Judgement faulty? especially when we find our Understandings still own the truth of their instructive sense, and all our Passions feel the Charm of their Versification; when we find the kindest propensions of Nature, and all the sensibility of our Souls, waking at the Call of that celestial Musick, our Cares laid asleep, and even our Pains intermitted by the unaccountable Magick of their powerful Descriptions. Shall we now take his word, that such kind of Painting is not Wit, contrary to the opinion of all good Criticks, that have ever been, and refuse to be pleas'd because he's out of humour? Shall we believe him [as the Papists do their Priests] contrary to all the possible Evidence of Reason, and trust him against all the certainty of Sense? Shall we lay aside the Prescriptions of Aristotle, Longinus, and Horace, contrary to the Experience of near 2000 years, and practise hereafter by his new Dispensatory? Will he set up his own Authority against that of all Antiquity, and oppose his single Fancy, to the unanimous Judgement of Mankind? 'Twill be great, no doubt, and becoming the absoluteness of so famous a*



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*Dictator, who is giving Laws to Invention, setting out the Boundaries of Sense, and teaching the World to understand.*

*I confess, Bawdry alone, that is, obscene Words thrown out at random like Bullies Oaths, without Design, Order, or Application, is as poor a Pretence to Wit, as 'tis to good Manners, or as Pride and Ill-nature, without either Genius or Learning, is to the writing of poetical Essays. But he cannot be suppos'd to charge any of my Lord Rochester's Verses with such a Barrenness as this; the notorious Evidence of Fact, and the contrary Testimony of a whole Nation, wou'd fly too full in his Face; No, the chief Crime (as I intimated before) is the Barefacedness of their Bawdry, which the Essayer's great Bashfulness is not able to suffer; to put an end therefore to the Dispute, and because I believe nothing has so long shelter'd the lamentable weakness of his ignorant Censure from common Apprehensions, but the doubtful and unsettled signification of this Term, Wit, I shall bring it to the scrutiny of a Definition, [which is the only sure way to decide the matter] and notwithstanding all that has been hitherto discours'd, if it can bear that Test, I shall be so far from reproaching him with the newness of his Notion, that I will be one of the first to thank him for the discovery. I take Wit then in Poetry, or poetical Wit, [for that is the Wit here in Question] to be nothing else but a true and lively expression of Nature. By Nature I do not only mean all sorts of material Objects, and every species of Substance whatsoever, but also general Notions and abstracted Truths, such as exist only in the Minds of men, and in the property and relation of things one to another, in short, whatever has a Being of any kind; the other Terms of the Definition are [I think] so plain, as not to need Explication; true this expression of Nature must be, that it may gain our Reason, and lively that it may affect our Passions; upon the whole matter, to draw and describe things that either are not in Nature, or things that are otherwise than they are, or to represent 'em heavily (as the Essayer does) and colour 'em dully, this is the only false Wit, and the vicious Poetry; on the other side to make a very like Picture of any thing that really exists, is the perfection as well of Poetry as Painting, where by the way the Reader may take notice, that one Definition will serve both, and also include the Art of Sculpture, which has the same general End, and is guided by the same general Rules with the other two. For the rest, if the Essayer dislike the Definition, which I have here propos'd, when he makes his particular Exceptions to it, I shall further clear it, and show that there is*

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nothing either in the ancient or modern Wit, but what is comprehend-  
ed within it; or if he thinks he can give a juster himself, when what  
he shall offer, appears to be so, I am so perfectly well satisfy'd of the  
goodness of my Cause, he will find me always ready to joyn issue with  
him, either upon that or any other. In the mean time let us compare  
his Criticism with this, and see how out of Countenance, and how  
simply 'twill then look; it runs thus; Bawdry barefac'd (says he)  
is a poor Pretence to Wit, that is, Bawdry barefac'd is a poor  
Pretence to a true and lively Expression of Nature.

### Risum teneatis Amici?

No Reader can be so dull as not presently to perceive the barefac'd  
Contradiction, and see the transparent folly of this Assertion; there  
needs now no long Train of Discourse, nor any far-fetch'd Arguments  
to refute it; 'tis a piece of self-evident Nonsense, [ I can give it no  
other Name without miscalling it ] and Blunder at first sight; for  
why an obscene Action may not be describ'd, or an obscene Imagination  
express'd, truly and lively, or why either of 'em is not capable of the  
Graces of correct Versification, as well as any other thing, is for ever  
unintelligible.

But because some may be apt to suspect, how little ground soever  
they have for it, that I have fram'd this Definition on purpose to  
make the Essayer's Notion ridiculous; if he believes his Cause will  
fare the better, for being remov'd into another Court, I am not only  
willing to gratifie him in this Particular, but shall carry it to be try'd  
even there where the Judge is his Friend; I shall afresh examine his  
Criticism by a Definition of Wit, which Mr. Dryden has given us,  
whose Judgement in any thing that relates to Poetry, I suppose, he  
will not dispute, and whose Arbitration [ if we may measure his Con-  
fidence in him by his Obligations to him ] he has no manner of Reason  
to decline. The Definition I mean, is in the Preface to his Opera,  
call'd the State of Innocence; the words are these—Wit (says  
Mr. Dryden) is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words—Or  
Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject. The  
judicious Reader will easily observe, that this Definition, tho' it differ  
in sound, is much the same in sense with mine; what Mr. Dryden  
calls Propriety, I have call'd true Expression, and that [ elegantly  
adapted ] in the explication of his, answers directly to what I intend  
by [ lively ] in mine, so that had I remember'd that [ which I did

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not ] before I form'd my own, I shou'd not have troubled my self to make another. But let us now joyn the Essayer's Criticism, and Mr. Dryden's Definition together, and try what new species of Absurdity this unnatural Mixture will produce ; we must then read it thus—Bawdry barefac'd is a poor Pretence to a Propriety of Thoughts and Words.—He that can make sence of this Proposition, may go far to solve the grossest Impossibilities in Transubstantiation, and reconcile all the Antipathies in Nature. Bawdry barefac'd, whatever defect it has, cannot want Propriety ; this is the very fault that uses to be objected to it, by such nice Gentlemen as the Essayer, viz. that the Thoughts and Words are too proper, and too expressive of what they wou'd have understood, so that according to this Definition, there is nothing in the World that comes nearer the nature of Wit than Bawdry barefac'd.

I hope no Body will so quite mistake the design of this Discourse, as to think that I have been all this while pleading the Cause of Bawdry, as a thing in it self [ and upon all occasions ] allowable and fit ; this was never in my thoughts, and far from my meaning ; nor is it any part of the Question between the Essayer and me ; He brands not Bawdry for being indecent and immoral, but for being unwitty ; so unlucky a hand he has at Criticism, when he trusts to his own Understanding, and being himself but a Stranger upon Parnassus, will needs pretend to show others the way ; he says indeed that Bawdry in Songs and every where else is unfit, but his Reason is, not because it contradicts universally-receiv'd Custom, and wounds common Civility, or because it may offend Age, and corrupt Youth, but because [ as he imagines ] 'tis a poor Pretence to Wit, and palls instead of raising Appetite, that is, in plain English, he dislikes it, because it does no hurt ; all that I have undertakn therefore, or am oblig'd to defend, is the Wit of my Lord Rochester's obscene Writings, not the Manners ; for even Wit it self, as it may be sometimes unseasonable and impertinent, so at other times it may be also libertine, unjust, ungrateful, and every way immoral ; yet still 'tis Wit, and we may then say of it as the Civilians do of uncanonical Marriages, Quod fieri non debet, factum valet ; of this nature is my Lord Rochester's obscene Poetry, which tho' it be much the best that ever was seen of the Kind, and Wit without the least Allay either of Flatnesse or Rustian, must yet be reckon'd among the Extravagancies of his Youth, and the carelesse Gayeties of his Pen, when he was carry'd away with the precipitancy of that Liber spiritus, as Petronius calls it, the too great fervour of his  
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*universal Genius, and the overfruitfulness of an unbounded Fanny. But tho' his obscene Poetry cannot be directly justified, in point of Decency, it may however be a little excus'd, and where it cannot challenge Approbation, it may perhaps deserve Pardon, if we consider not only when 'twas writ, but also to whom 'twas address'd; for as those Painters I mention'd before, tho' they liv'd in Popish Countreys, did not, I suppose, intend their obscene Pieces for the service of the Church, or to be set up at the Market-Cross, but probably for the secret Apartments of some particular Persons, who cou'd look unscaandaliz'd on a skilful Imitation of any thing that was natural, with the freedom and the reflexion of Philosophers; so neither did my Lord Rochester design those Songs the Essayer is so offended with, to be sung for Anthems in the King's-Chappel, any more than he did his other obscene Writings (however they may have been since abus'd) for the Cabinets of Ladies, or the Closets of Divines, or for any publick or common Entertainment whatever, but for the private Diversion of those happy Few, whom he us'd to charm with his Company, and honour with his Friendship.*

*As to the Essayer's calling my Lord's Songs nauseous, besides what has been already answer'd, he cannot but know that my Lord writ a great number, without the least obscenenesse in 'em, which are not only far better than any he is capable of making, (for to say no more of 'em were to praise 'em poorly) but so correct, and yet so natural, so easily wrought, and so justly finish'd, with that elegant Aptnesse in the Words, and that unordinary Beauty in the Thoughts, as no other man ever did or can exceed.*

*His last Exception to my Lord's Poetry, is that the grosse Obscenenesse of it palls instead of raising Appetite, where he finds fault with that only thing, that [were his Exception just] wou'd excuse it so much the major part of Mankind; for that which chiefly makes Bawdry in so ill Repute, is because it has been always believ'd an Incentive to such Desires, as Divines tell us, shou'd rather be curb'd than encourag'd, and apt to bring Thoughts into peoples Heads, which ought not, and perhaps otherwise never wou'd come there; now if barefac'd Bawdry has this particular property, that it does not hint these forbidden Thoughts, nor stir those unlawful Desires, but on the contrary flattens and stifles 'em, 'tis much more innocent, and consequently fitter to be us'd, or at least to be pardon'd, than any other. But he's beside the Cushion again, and as wide here of the Mark he aims at, as he was before; there are indeed scarce more Lines than Mistakes in this.*



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this half Paragraph, that concerns my Lord Rochester ; he cannot see [ it seems ] at all but by other men's Eyes, for he stumbles at every Step, when he ventures to walk without his Guide. However let us take a view of this his legitimate Sence in his own Dresse ; the Lines are these :

But obscene Words too grosse to move Desire,  
Like heaps of Fuel do but choak the Fire.  
That Author's Name has undeserved Praise,  
Who pall'd the Appetite he meant to raise.

In the first place, What does that ed in undeserved do there ? I know no businesse it has, unlesse it be to crutch a lame Verse, and each out a scanty Sence ; for the Word that is now us'd is undeserv'd. I shou'd not take notice of so trivial a thing as this, but that I have to do with a Giver of Rules, and a magisterial Correcter of oth'r men, tho' upon the observing of such little Niceties, does all the Musick of Numbers depend ; but the Refinement of our Versification is a sort of Criticism, which the Essayer [ if we may judge of his Knowledge by his Practtice ] seems yet to learn, for never was there such a Pack of stiff ill-sounding Rhimes put together as his Essay is stuff'd with ; to add therefore to his other Collections, let him remember hereafter, that Verses have Feet given 'em, either to walk, graceful and smooth, and sometimes with Majesty and State, like Virgil's, or to run, light and easie, like Ovid's, not to stand stock-still like Dr. Donne's, or to hobble like indigested Prose ; that the counting of the Syllables is the least part of the Poet's Work, in the turning either of a soft or a sonorous Line ; that the eds went away with the for-to's, and the untills in that general Rout, that fell on the whole Body of the thereons, the therein, and the therebys, when those useful Expletives, the althos and the untos, and those most convenient Synalaphas, 'midst, 'mongst, 'gainst, and 'twixt, were every one cut off ; which dismal slaughter was follow'd with the utter extirpation of the ancient House of the hereofs and the therefroms, &c. Nor is this Reformation the arbitrary Fancy of a few, who wou'd impose their own private Opinions and Practtice upon the rest of their Countrey-men, but grounded on the Authority of Horace, who tells us in his Epistle de Arte Poeticâ, That present Use is the final Judge of Language, [ the Verse is too well known to need quoting ] and on the common Reason of Mankind, which forbids us those antiquated Words and obsolete Idioms of Speech,



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Speech, whose Worth time has worn out, how well soever they may seem to stop a Gap in Verse, and suit our shapelesse immature Conceptions; for what is grown pedantick and unbecoming when 'tis spoke, will not have a jot the better grace for being writ down.

In the next place, To what purpose does he keep such a pudder here about moving Desire, and raising Appetite? Does he think that all kind of obscene Poetry is design'd to raise Appetite? Does he not know that obscene Satyre [of which nature are most of my Lord Rochester's obscene Writings, and particularly several of his Songs] has a quite different end, and is so far from being intended to raise, that the whole force of it is generally turn'd to restrain Appetite, and keep it within due Bounds, to reprove the unjust Designs, and check the Excesses of that lawlesse Tyrant. If therefore some of my Lord Rochester's Songs shou'd misse a Mark, which they neither did, nor ought to aim at, I believe no body but the Essayer will think it a Fault. But to strike at the root of his Objection, what does he mean by saying, That obscene Words are too grosse to move Desire? he might say with as much sence, that pious Words are too good to move Devotion; 'tis impossible that any Words shou'd come too near the nature of the things they are to represent, when the design is to touch our Passions by that representation, for if there be an attraction of any sort in the nature of the things, the more truly they are describ'd to us, the more is that attractive virtue drawn forth, and made to exert itself; so that what he calls grossenesse, is here the chief power, the main weight and stamp of the Poet's Expression, by which a just and full Notion of what he wou'd have us apprehend, is more clearly and more forcibly impress'd upon the Imagination; Propriety being [as I have already shou'd] the very Essence of Wit, and the only possible way to win the Understanding, and engage the Affections of a rational Creature. 'Tis true, [as I hinted once before] obscene Words us'd unnecessarily, and with as little pertinence, as some of our modern Enthusiasts use godly Phrases and Scripture Expressions, when six of 'em sometimes shall signifie but one thing, [if by great chance they signifie any thing] will provoke indeed the wrong way, and nauseate instead of affecting; but if a man of Wit has the ranging and applying of the one, and a man of Learning and Judgement the other, both will operate according to their natural tendency; that is, these will incline to Virtue and those to Vice; the short and true state of the Case is this; all depends upon the Genius and Art of the Writer, for as an obscene Thought, if it be not lively painted, will have but  
a small

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a small or perhaps no effect upon the Mind of the Reader, according to the proportion of flatness in the Expression, so a chaste or a pious Meditation, if it has the same disadvantage, will work as little. Thus [ to come to his own Allusion ] Heaps of Fuel, when they are carelessly thrown on, and after a disorderly manner cramm'd together, do no doubt choke and dead a Fire, but if they are regularly laid, and artificially pil'd up, they will as much enliven and increase it, a Demonstration of which he may see every Twenty ninth of May in a Bonfire ; 'tis not then the Heaps or Quantity of Fuel, but the unskilful placing, that puts out the Fire. VVe may therefore with a very little trouble turn the small Shot of his Simile upon him, for adding but a word or two it will speak a direct contrary sence, as thus,

*But obscene VVords, if right apply'd, raise and inflame Desire,  
As Heaps of Fuel, plac'd with skill, make and maintain the Fire.*

For a further Proof of this, when his squeamish Fit is over, I would recommend to his Perusal, Aloisia figea, or if that be too hard for him, because 'tis writ in Latin, let him read, l'Escole des Filles, and if the obscene VVords and Descriptions he will meet with there, do not raise his Appetite, the VVorld will be apt to conclude it, not only very dull, but absolutely dead, and as bad as his Poetry is, his Reader will be better entertain'd than his Mistress.

If I were now of a humour to please my self with finding other men's Faults, it were no hard matter to make the Essayer give my Lord Rochester his Revenge. I shou'd then ask him from what Ballad he took that Heroical height of Expression, and that noble Turn of a Verse, which we find in the first Page of his Essay,

—None there are  
That can the least with Poetry compare.

How long Cadance and Foibles have been English words? Or whether despairing to get any Credit by his VVit, he speaks French like the Kings of Brentford, to shew his Breeding? VVhy he who in Page the 4th. thinks it so easie to rob the Ancients, will stoop so low, as in most of the following, to borrow from the Moderns? VVhy he suffers a Muse, who has so sour a Countenance, and so ungraceful a Fashion as his, to play the VVag, and be such a merry Grig, as she sometimes aims to appear? Or in plain terms, what is the meaning  
of

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of all that forc'd insipid Railery, that fills his 18th Page, for 'tis not more dull than 'tis unintelligible: I shou'd also desire to be inform'd, by what new Grammar he construes the six last Lines of his 7th Page? And when we may hope to know from him, what the Consequence will be, if in an Elegy

*A just Coherence be not made  
Between each Thought, &c.*

For he has left it at present, as Mr. Bayes did his Plot, for the Reader to find out of himself, if he will; and some have been guessing, that 'tis much the same, as when in an Essay the like Coherence is not observ'd. Lastly, how comes his Eagle in Page the 11th. which we expected by the pompous preparation, wou'd presently have mounted out of sight, to fly so like a Buzzard, and flounce like a Fish? But 'tis no great Wonder, I confesse, that an Eagle, who seems afraid to get upon her Wings, and warily considers the Perils of her Case in so doing, which by the way is a Phrase fitter for an Affidavit than a Poem, and as natural an Image, as if he had describ'd a Man afraid to walk; but, I say, 'tis not at all strange, that such a cautious Eagle, who is so distrustful of her Wings, shou'd keep so near the Ground in her Flight.

'Tis as easie as 'twou'd perhaps be pleasant, to enlarge this poetical Catechism, for there is yet good store of Materials left; but this little may suffice at present, to give the World a Taste of the Essayer's Abilities, and how fit he is to correct my Lord Rochester, or to teach us; for I find this Preface is already run out beyond the ordinary Length of such Discourses, nor was it at all intended [this being not worth the trouble] to blast a Wit, which will die of it self in a little time, but to do Right to that, which is likely to live as long as our Language, and defend a Man, whose Person I was ever naturally inclin'd to love, and whose Friendship I shall upon all occasions be proud to own; a Man, whose Wit cou'd never have wanted the assistance of mine, nor a much better, either to recommend or justify it, were not that Part of his Writings the Essayer has censur'd, of such an unhappy Kind, as few will examine; otherwise, as to what concerns the Poetry of 'em, they are their own best Encomium and Defence, no Body being able to say so much for 'em as they do for themselves. To conclude, Whatever Faults my Lord Rochester might have, I am confident the Essayer is the only Person in the Kingdom, who

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wou'd have gain'd about so look for 'em in his Wit; the Applause of  
that was so universal, and the manner so agreeable, none ever dis-  
lik'd it, but those who fear'd it, none ever decry'd it, but those who  
envied it.



Prologue spoken by Mrs. Cook the first Day.

Written by Mrs. Behn.

With that assurance we to day address,  
As standard Beauties, certain of Success,  
With careless Pride at once they charm and vex,  
And scorn the little Censures of their Sex.  
Sure of the unregarded Spoil, despise  
The needless Affection of the Eyes,  
The softening Languishment that faintly warms,  
But trust alone to their restless Charms.  
So we secur'd by undisputed Wit,  
Disdain the damning Malice of the Pit,  
Nor need false Arts to set great Nature off,  
Or studied Tricks to force the Clap and Laugh.  
Ye VVou'd-be-Criticks, you are all undone,  
For here's no Theam for you to work upon.  
Faith seem to talk to Jenny, I advise,  
Of who, likes who, and how Loves Markets rise.  
Try these hard Times how to abate the Price,  
Tell her how cheap were Damfels on the Ice.  
Mongst City-VVives, and Daughters that came there,  
How far a Guinny went at Blanket-Fair.  
Thus you may find some good Excuse for failing,  
Of your beloved Exercise of Railing.  
That when Friend cries—How did the Play succeed?  
Deme, I hardly minded—what they did.  
VVe shall not your Ill-nature please to day,  
VVith some fond Scriblers new uncertain Play,  
Loose as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,  
Or Love and Honour that ore-runs the Stage.  
Fam'd and substantial Authars give this Treat,  
And'twill be solemn, Noble all and Great.  
VVit, sacred VVit, is all the bus'ness here,  
Great Fletcher, and the Greater Rochester.  
Now name the hardy Man one fault dares find,  
In the vast VVork of two such Heroes joyn'd.

None but Great Strephon's soft and pow'rful *VV*it  
 Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ.  
 Different their heav'nly Notes ; yet both agree  
 To make an everlasting Harmony.  
 Listen ye Virgins to his charming Song,  
 Eternal Musick dwelt upon his Tongue.  
 The Gods of Love and *VV*it inspir'd his Pen,  
 And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theam.

Now Ladies you may celebrate his Name,  
*VV*ithout a scandal on your spotless Fame.  
*VV*ith Praise his dear lov'd Memory pursue,  
 And pay his Death, what to his Life was due.

---

### Prologue to VALENTINIAN.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook the second Day.

**T**IS not your easiness to give Applause,  
 This long hid Jewel into publick draws  
 Our matchless Author, who to *VV*it gave Rules,  
 Scorns Praise, that has been prostitute to Fools.  
 To fustious Favour, the sole Prop and Fence  
 Of Hackney-Scriblers, he quits all Pretence,  
 And for their Flatteries brings you Truth and Sence.  
 Things we our selves confess to be unfit  
 For such side-Boxes, and for such a Pit.  
 To the fair Sex some Complement were due,  
 Did they not slight themselves in liking you ;  
 How can they here for Judges be thought fit,  
*VV*ho daily your soft Nonsense take for *VV*it ;  
 Do on your ill bred Noise for Humour doat,  
 And choose the Man by the embroider'd Coat ?  
 Our Author lov'd the youthful and the fair,  
 But even in those their Follies could not spare ;  
 Bid them discreetly use their present store,  
 Be Friends to Pleasure, when they please no more ;

Desir'd the Ladies of maturer Ages,  
 If some remaining Spark their Hearts enrages,  
 At home to quench their Embers with their Pages.  
 Pert, patch'd, and painted, there to spend their days;  
 Not crowd the fronts of Boxes at new Plays:  
 Advis'd young sighing Fools to be more pressing,  
 And Fops of Forty to give over dressing.  
 By this he got the Envy of the Age,  
 No Fury's like a libell'd Blockhead's Rage.  
 Hence some despis'd him for his want of Wit,  
 And others said he too obscenely writ.  
 Dull Niceness, envious of Mankind's Delight,  
 Abortive Pang of Vanity and Spite!  
 It shows a Master's Hand, 'twas Virgil's Praise,  
 Things low and abject to adorn and raise.  
 The Sun on Dunghills shining is as bright,  
 As when his Beams the fairest Flowers invite,  
 But all weak Eyes are hurt by too much Light.  
 Let then these Owls against the Eagle preach,  
 And blame those Flights which they want Wing to reach.  
 Like Falstaffe let 'em conquer Heroes dead,  
 And praise Greek Poets they cou'd never read.  
 Criticks should personal Quarrels lay aside,  
 The Poet from the Enemy divide.  
 'Twas Charity that made our Author write,  
 For your Instruction 'tis we Act to night;  
 For sure no Age was ever known before,  
 Wanting an Æcius and Lucina more.

---

Prologue intended for VALENTINIAN,

to be spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

Now would you have me rail, swell, and look big,  
 Like rampant Tory over couchant Whig.  
 As spit-fire Bullies swagger, swear, and roar,  
 And brandish Bilbo, when the Fray is o're.

Must

Must we huff on when we're oppos'd by none?  
 But Poets are most fierce on those who are down.  
 Shall I jeer Popish Plots that once did fright us,  
 And with most bitter Bobs taunt little Titus?  
 Or with sharp Style, on sneaking Trimmers fall,  
 Who civilly themselves Prudential call?  
 Let Witlings to true Wits as soon may rise,  
 As a prudential Man can ere be wise.  
 No, even the worst of all yet I will spare,  
 The nauseous Floater, changeable as Air,  
 A nasty thing, which on the surface rides,  
 Backward and forward with all turns of Tides.  
 An Audience I will not so coarsely use;  
 'Tis the low way of every common Muse.  
 Let Grubstreet-Pens such mean Diversion find,  
 But we have Subjects of a nobler kind.  
 We of legitimate Poets sing the praise,  
 No kin to th' spurious Issue of these days.  
 But such as with desert their Laurels gain'd,  
 And by true Wit immortal Names obtain'd.  
 Two like Wit-Consults rul'd the former Age,  
 With Love, and Honour grac'd that flourishing Stage,  
 And every Passion did the Mind engage.  
 They sweetness first into our Language brought,  
 They all the Secrets of man's Nature sought,  
 And lasting Wonders they have in conjunction wrought.

Now joins a third, a Genius as sublime  
 As ever flourish'd in Rome's happiest time.  
 As sharply could he wound, as sweetly engage,  
 As soft his Love, and as divine his Rage.  
 He charm'd the tenderest Virgins to delight,  
 And with his Style did fiercest Blockheads fright.  
 Some Beauties here I see—  
 Though now demure, have felt his pow'rful Charms,  
 And languish'd in the circle of his Arms.  
 But for ye Fops, his Satyr reach'd ye all,  
 Under his Lash your whole vast Herd did fall.  
 Oh fatal loss! that mighty Spirit's gone!  
 Alas! his too great heat went out too soon!



So fatal is it vastly to excel ;  
Thus young, thus mourn'd, his lov'd Lucretius fell.

And now ye little Sparks who infest the Pit,  
Learn all the Reverence due to sacred Wit,  
Disturb not with your empty noise each Bench,  
Nor break your bawdy Jest to th' Orange-wench ;  
Nor in that Scene of Fops, the Gallery,  
Vent your No-wit, and spurious Raillery :  
That noisie Place, where meet all sort of Tools,  
Four huge fat Lovers, and consumptive Fools,  
Half Wits, and Gamesters, and gay Fops, whose Tasks  
Are daily to invade the dangerous Masks ;  
And all ye little Brood of Poetafters,  
Amend and learn to write from these your Masters.

**Drama**

# Drammatis PERSONÆ.

<i>Valentinian</i>	Emperor.
<i>Æcius</i>	The Roman General.
<i>Maximus</i>	Lieutenant General.
<i>Pontius</i>	A Captain.
<i>Licinius</i>	} Servants to th' Emperor.
<i>Balbus</i>	
<i>Proculus</i>	
<i>Chylax</i>	} An Eunuch belonging to <i>Maximus</i> .
<i>Lycius</i>	
<i>Lucina</i>	Wife to <i>Maximus</i> .
<i>Celandia</i>	} Ladies attending <i>Lucina</i> .
<i>Marcellina</i>	
<i>Ardelia</i>	} Lewd Women belonging to the Court.
<i>Phorba</i>	
<i>Phidias</i>	} Friends to <i>Æcius</i> , and Servants to the Emperor.
<i>Arctus</i>	

---

THE  
**TRAGEDY**  
 OF  
**VALENTINIAN.**

---

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*The Curtain flies up with the Musick of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; and discovers the Emperor passing through to the Garden, Attended with a great Court. Æcius and Maximus stay behind.*

*Maximus. Æcius.*

*Max.* **G**REAT is the Honour, which our Emperor Does by his frequent Visits throw on *Maximus*; Not less than thrice this Week has his Gay-Court, With all its Splendor shin'd within my Walls: Nor does this glorious Sun bestow his Beams Upon a barren Soyl, My happy Wife, Fruitful in Charms for *Valentinian's* Heart, Crowns the soft Moments of each welcome Hour, With such variety of successive Joys, That Lost in Love, when the long Day is done, He willingly would give his Empire up For the Enjoyment of a Minute more, While I —

B

Made

## The TRAGEDY of

Made glorious through the Merit of my Wife,  
Am at the Court ador'd as much as She,  
As if the vast Dominion of the World  
He had Exchang'd with me for my *Lucina*.

*Æcius*. I rather wish he would Exchange his Passions,  
Give you his Thirst of Love for yours of Honour.  
And leaving you the due possession  
Of your just Wishes in *Lucina's* Arms,  
Think how he may by force of Worth and Virtue,  
Maintain the Right of his Imperial Crown,  
Which he neglects for Garlands made of Roses;  
Whilst, in disdain of his ill-guided Youth,  
Whole Provinces fall off, and scorn to have  
Him for their Prince, who is his Pleasures Slave.

*Max*. I cannot blame the Nations, Noble Friend,  
For falling off so fast from this wild man,  
When, under our Allegiance be it spoken,  
And the most happy Tye of our Affections,  
The whole World groans beneath him : By the Gods,  
I'd rather be a Bondslave to his Panders,  
Constrain'd by Power to serve their vicious Wills,  
Than bear the Infamy of being held  
A Favourite to this fowl flatter'd Tyrant.

Where lives Vertue,  
Honour, Discretion, Wisdom ? Who are call'd  
And chosen to the steering of his Empire,  
But Whores and Bawds and Traitors ! Oh my *Æcius*,  
The Glory of a Souldier, and the Truth  
Of men made up for Goodness sake, like shells  
Grow to the rugged Walls for want of Action,  
Only your happy self and I that love you,  
Which is a larger means to me than Favour.—

*Æcius*. No more, my worthy Friend, tho' these be Truths,  
And tho' these Truths would ask a Reformation,  
At least a little Mending—Yet remember  
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*, Obedience  
To what is done, And Grief for what's ill done,  
Is all we can call Ours, The Hearts of Princes  
Are like the Temples of the Gods: pure Incense,  
(Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Offerings,)



# VALENTINIAN

3

Burns ever there. We must not put 'em out  
Because the Priests, who touch these Sweets are wicked.  
We dare not, Dearest Friend; Nay more, we cannot  
(While we consider whose we are, and how,  
To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver,  
While Majesty is made to be obey'd;  
And not enquir'd into.

*Max.* Thou best of Friends and Men, whose wise instructions  
Are not less charitable, weigh but thus much,  
Nor think I speak it with Ambition,  
For by the Gods I do not. Why my *Æcius*,  
Why are we thus? or how became thus wretched?

*Æcius.* You'll fall again into your Fit.

*Max.* I will not

Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,  
No more the followers of their mighty Fortunes!  
But conquer'd *Gauls*, And Quivers for the *Parthians*:  
Why is the Emperor, this Man we honour,  
This God that ought to be,

*Æcius.* You are too curious.

*Max.* Give me leave,——Why is this Author of us?

*Æcius.* I dare not hear you speak thus.

*Max.* I'll be modest,

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,  
And we beholders! Misconceive me not,  
I sow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore  
And to what end are we the Sons of Fathers  
Famous and fast to *Rome*! Why are their Virtues  
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thousand Battels,  
Their Honours Time out-daring  
I think for our Example.

*Æcius.* You speak well.

*Max.* Why are we Seeds of those then to shake hands  
With Bawds and base Informers? Kifs Discredit,  
And Court her like a Mistress? Pray your leave yet,  
You'll say th'Emperor's young, and apt to take  
Impression from his Pleasures,  
Yet even his Errors have their good Effects,  
For the same gentle temper which inclines  
His Mind to Softness, does his Heart defend

## The TRAGEDY of

From savage thoughts of Cruelty and Blood,  
 Whichthrou' the streets of *Rome* in streams did flow.  
 From Hearts of Senators under the Reigns  
 Of our severer Warlike Emperors?  
 While under this scarcely one Criminal  
 Meets the hard Sentence of the dooming Law,  
 And the whole World dissolv'd into a Peace,  
 Owes its Security to this Mans Pleasures ;  
 But *Æcius*—be sincere, do not defend  
 Actions and Principles your Soul abhors.  
 You know this Virtue is his greatest Vice :  
 Impunity is the highest Tyranny :  
 And what the fawning Court miscals his Pleasures,  
 Exceeds the Moderation of a Man :  
 Nay to say justly, Friend, they are loath'd Vices,  
 And such as shake our Worths with Foreign Nations.

*Æcius.* You search the Sore too deep ; and let me tell you  
 In any Other man, this had been Treason ;  
 And so rewarded : Pray depress your Spirit ;  
 For tho' I constantly believe you honest,  
 (You were no Friend for me else) ; and what now  
 You freely speak, But good you owe to the Empire,  
 Yet take heed, Worthy *Maximus*, all Ears  
 Hear not with that distinction mine do, few you'll find  
 Admonishers, but Urgers of your Actions,  
 And to the Heaviest (Friend) and pray consider  
 We are but Shadows, Motions others give us,  
 And tho' our Pities may become the Times,  
 Our Powers cannot, nor may we justify  
 Our private Jealousies, by open Force,  
 Wife or what Elie to me it matters not,  
 I am your Friend, but durst my-own Soul urge me,  
 And by that Soul I speak my just Affections,  
 To turn my hand from Truth, which is Obedience,  
 And give the Helm my Virtue holds, to Anger,  
 Tho' I had both the Blessings of the *Bruti* .  
 And both their insigations, tho' my Cause  
 Carry'd a Face of Justice beyond theirs,  
 And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,  
 That daring Soul that first taught Disobedience,  
 Should feel the first Example.

# VALENTINIAN.

5

*Max.* Mistake me not my dearest *Æcius*,  
Do not believe that through mean Jealousies  
How far th'Emperor's Passion may prevail.  
On my *Lucina's* thoughts to our Dishonour,  
That I abhor the Person of my Prince,  
Alas ! That Honour were a trivial Loss ;  
Which she and I want merit to preserve ;  
Virtue and *Maximus* are plac'd too near  
*Lucina's* Heart, to leave him such a fear,  
No private loss or wrong, inflames my Spirits,  
The *Roman* Glory, *Æcius*, languishes ;  
I am concern'd for *Rome*, and for the World,  
And when th'Emperor pleases to afford  
Time from his Pleasures, to take care of those,  
I am his Slave, and have a Sword and Life :  
Still ready for his Service.

*Æcius.* Now you are brave,  
And like a *Roman* justly are concern'd :  
But say he be to blame. Are therefore we  
Fit Fires to purge him? No, My Dearest Friend,  
The Elephant is never won with Anger,  
Nor must that man who would reclaim a Lion  
Take him by the Teeth.  
Our honest Actions, and the Truth that breaks  
Like Morning from our Service chaste and blushing,  
Is that that pulls a Prince back, then he sees  
And not till then truly repents his Errors.

*Max.* My Heart agrees with yours : I'll take your Council ;  
The Emperor appears ; let us withdraw  
And as We both do love him, may he flourish.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* *Valentinian* and *Lucina* :

*Val.* Which way, *Lucina*, hope you to escape,  
The Censures both of Tyrannous and Proud,  
While your Admirers languish by your Eyes  
And at your feet an Emperor despairs !  
Gods ! Why was I mark'd out of all your Brood  
To suffer tamely under mortal hate ?  
Is it not I that do protect your Shrines ?

*Am*

Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'rs ?  
 Forc'd by whose great Commands the knowing World  
 Submits to own your Beings and your Power.  
 And must I feel the Torments of Neglect ?  
 Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn ?  
 But 'tis not you, Poor harmless Deities,  
 That can make *Valentinian* sigh and mourn !  
 Alas ! All Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes !  
 How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth  
 Which makes me little lower than your selves,  
 And sit in Heaven an Equal with the first ;  
 But Love bids me pursue a Nobler Aim.  
 Continue Mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,  
 From whose fair Eyes, would pity take my part,  
 And bend her Will to save a bleeding Heart,  
 I in Her Arms such Blessings shou'd obtain,  
 For which th'unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.

*Lucin.* Ah ! Cease to tempt those Gods and Virtue too !  
 Great Emperor of the World and Lord of me !  
 Heaven has my Life submitted to your Will !  
 My Honour's Heav'ns, which will preserve its own.  
 How vile a thing am I when that is gone !  
 When of my Honour you have rifl'd me,  
 What other Merit have I to be yours ?  
 With my fair Fame let me your Subject live,  
 And save that Humbleness you smile upon,  
 Those Gracious Looks, whose brightness shou'd rejoice,  
 Make your poor Handmaid tremble when she thinks  
 That they appear like Lightning's fatal Flash,  
 Which by destructive Thunder is persu'd,  
 Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before !  
 And shou'd the Gods abandon worthless Me  
 A Sacrifice to shame and to dishonour ;  
 A Plague to *Rome*, and Blot to *Cæsar's* Fame !  
 For what Crime yet unknown shall *Maximus*  
 By Me and *Cæsar* be made infamous ?  
 The faithfull'st Servant, and the kindest Lord !  
 So true, so brave, so gen'rous, and so just,  
 Who ne'er knew fault : Why shou'd he fall to Shame ?



# VALENTINIAN.

7

*Val.* Sweet Innocence ! Alas ! Your *Maximus*  
(Whom I like you esteem ! ) is in no Danger  
If Duty and Allegiance be no shame !  
Have I not Prætors through the spacious Earth  
Who in my Name do mighty Nations sway ?  
Enjoying rich Dominions in my Right ,  
Their Temporary Governments I change,  
Divide or take away, as I see good ;  
And this they think no Injury nor Shame ;  
Can you believe your Husband's Right to you  
Other than what from me he does derive ?  
Who justly may recall my own at pleasure ;  
Am I not Emperor ? This World my own ?  
Given me without a Partner by the Gods ?  
And shall those Gods who gave me all, allow  
That one less than my self should have a Claim  
To you the Pride and Glory of the whole ?  
You, without whom the rest is worthless dross ;  
Life a base Slavery, Empire but a Mock :  
And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse !  
No, only Blessing, *Maximus* and I  
Must change our Provinces, the World shall bow  
Beneath my Scepter, grasp'd in his strong hand  
Whose Valour may reduce rebellious Slaves,  
And wise Integrity secure the rest :  
In all those Rights the Gods to me have given ;  
While I from tedious Toils of Empire free,  
The servile Pride of Government despise !  
Find Peace and Joy, and Love and Heav'n in Thee,  
And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

*Lucina.* Had Heav'n design'd for me so great a Fate,  
As *Cæsar's* Love I shou'd have been preserv'd,  
By careful Providence for Him alone,  
Not offer'd up at first to *Maximus* ;  
For Princes should not mingle with their Slaves,  
Nor seek to quench their Thirst in troubled streams.  
Nor am I fram'd with thoughts fit for a Throne.  
To be commanded still has been my Joy ;  
And to obey the height of my Ambition.  
When young in Anxious Cares I spent the Day,

Trembling.

Trembling for fear least each unguided step  
 Should tread the paths of Error and of Blame:  
 Till Heav'n in gentle pity sent my Lord,  
 In whole Commands my Wishes meet their end,  
 Pleas'd and secure while following his Will;  
 Whether to live or die I cannot err.  
 You like the Sun, Great Sir, are plac'd above,  
 I, a low Mirtle, in the humble Vale,  
 May flourish by your distant influence,  
 But should you bend your Glories nearer me,  
 Such fatal Favour withers me to dust  
 Or I in foolish gratitude desire  
 To kiss your feet, by whom we live and grow,  
 To such a height I should in vain aspire,  
 VVho am already rooted here below  
 Fixt in my *Maximus's* Breast I lie!  
 Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flow'rs, I die.  
*Val.* Cease to oppress me with a thousand Charms!  
 There needs no succour to prevailing Arms!  
 Your Beauty had subdu'd my Heart before,  
 Such Virtue could alone enslave me more:  
 If you love *Maximus* to this degree!  
 How would you be in Love, Did you love Me?  
 In Her, who to a Husband is so kind,  
 VVhat Raptures might a Lover hope to find?  
 I burn, *Lucina*, like a Field of Corn  
 By flowing streams of kindled Flames ore-born  
 VVhen North-winds drive the Torrent with a storm,  
 These Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,  
 And must in pity quench 'em in your own:  
 Heav'n, when it gave your Eyes th' Inflaming pow'r  
 VVhich was ordain'd to cast an Emperor  
 Into Loves Feaver, kindly did impart  
 That Sea of Milk to bathe his burning Heart.  
 Throu' all those Joys. [Lays hold on Her.]  
*Lucina.* Hold, Sir, for Mercy's sake——  
 Love will abhor whatever Force can take.  
 I may perhaps persuade my self in time  
 That this is Duty which now seems a Crime;

# VALENTINIAN.

9

I'll to the Gods and begg they will inspire  
My Breaſt or Yours with what it ſhou'd deſire.

*Val.* Fly to their Altars ſtrait, and let 'em know  
Now is their time to make me Friend or Foe,  
If to my Wiſhes they your Heart incline,  
Or th'are no longer Favourites of mine.  
*Ho Chylax, Proculus ?*

[*Exit Lucina.*]

*Enter Chylax, Proculus, Balbus and Lycia.*

As ever you do hope to be by me  
Protected in your boundleſs Infamy,  
For Diſſoluteneſs cheriſh'd, lov'd and prais'd  
On Pyramids of your own Vices rais'd,  
Above the reach of Law, Reproof or Shame,  
Aſſiſt me now to quench my raging Flame.  
Tiſt not as heretofore a Lambent Fire,  
'Rais'd by ſome common Beauty in my Breaſt,  
Vapours from Idleneſs or looſe Deſire,  
By each new Motion eaſily ſuppreſt,  
But a fixt Heat that robs me of all reſt.  
Before my Dazled Eyes cou'd you now place  
A thouſand willing Beauties to allure  
And give me Luſt for every looſe Embrace,  
*Lucina's* Love my Virtue would ſecure,  
From the contagious Charm in vain I fly,  
'Thas ſeiz'd upon my Heart, and may deſie  
That great Preſervative Variety !  
Go, call your Wives to Councel, and prepare  
To tempt, diſſemble, promiſe, fawn and ſwear,  
To make Faith look like Folly uſe your ſkill  
Virtue an ill-bred Croſſeneſs in the Will.  
Fame, the looſe breathings of a Clamorous Crowd !  
Ever in Lies moſt confident and loud !  
Honour a Notion ! Piety a Cheat !  
And if you prove ſucceſſful Bawds, be great.

*Chy.* All hind'rance to your hopes we'll ſoon remove,  
And clear the Way to your triumphant Love.

*Bal.* *Lucina* for your Wiſhes we'll prepare,  
And ſhew we know to merit what we are

[*Exeunt.*]

*Val.*

## The TRAGEDY of

*Val.* Once more the pow'r of Vows and Tears I'll prove,  
 These may perhaps her gentle Nature move,  
 To Pity first, by consequence to Love.  
 Poor are the Brutal Conquests we obtain  
 O're Barb'rous Nations by the force of Arms,  
 But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,  
 And plant our Trophies on our Conqu'rors Charms.

*Enter Æcius.*

Such Triumphs ev'n to us may honour bring  
 No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring:  
 How now *Æcius*! Are the Souldiers quiet:

*Æcius.* Better I hope, Sir, than they were.

*Val.* Th'are pleas'd I hear

To censure me extreamly for my Pleasures;  
 Shortly they'll fight against me.

*Æcius.* Gods defend, Sir. And for their Censures they are  
 Such shrew'd Judges

A Donative of ten Sexterces

I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your Praises

More than they sung your Pleasures.

*Val.* I believe thee!

Art thou in Love *Æcius* yet?

*Æcius.* Oh no, Sir, I am too coarse for Ladies, my Embraces,  
 That only am acquainted with Allarms,  
 Would break their tender Bodies.

*Val.* Never fear it.

They are stronger than you think——  
 The Empress swears thou art a Lusty Souldier,  
 A good one I believe thee.

*Æcius.* All that Goodness is but your Creature, Sir.

*Val.* But tell me truly,

For thou dar'st tell me;

*Æcius.* Any thing concerns you

That's fit for me to speak, or you to pardon.

*Val.* What say the Souldiers of me! And the same Words,  
 Mince 'em not, good *Æcius*, But deliver  
 The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

*Æcius.*



# VALENTINIAN.

II

*Æcius.* I'll tell you, Sir ; but with this Caution  
You be not stirr'd : For should the Gods live with us  
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,  
Give 'em but Drink, They'd censure them too.

*Val.* Forward !

*Æcius.* Then to begin, They say you sleep too much,  
By which they judge you, Sir, too sensual :  
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasure :  
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much ;  
From which they fear Suspitions first, then Ruine,  
And when you neither drink nor sleep you gueſs, Sir,  
Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,  
Then dulls the edge of Honour, makes them seem  
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,  
Fencers and beaten Fools, and so regarded :  
But I believe 'em not : for were these Truths,  
Your Virtue can correct them.

*Val.* They speak plainly.

*Æcius.* They say moreover, Sir, since you will have it ;  
For they will take their freedoms tho' the Sword  
Were at their throats : That of late times like Nero,  
And with the same forgetfulness of Glory  
You have got a vein of Fiddling : So they term it.

*Val.* Some drunken Dreamers, *Æcius.*

*Æcius.* So I hope, Sir.

They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers ;  
Fed with the Fat of the Empire, they call Bawds,  
Lazy and lustful Creatures that abuse you.

*Val.* What Sin's next ? for I perceive they have no mind  
To spare me !

*Æcius.* Nor hurt you, on my Soul, Sir : but such people  
(Nor can the pow'r of man restrain it)  
When they are full of Meat, and Ease, must prate.

*Val.* Forward.

*Æcius.* I have spoken too much, Sir.

*Val.* I'll have all.

*Æcius.* It is not fit  
Your Ears should hear their Vanities, no profit  
Can justly arise to you from their Behaviour.  
Unless you were guilty of these Crimes.

*Val.* It may be, I am so. Therefore forward.

*Æcius.* I have ever learn'd to obey.

*Val.* No more Apologies.

*Æcius.* They grieve besides, Sir,

To see the Nations whom our ancient Virtue  
 With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd  
 With loss of many a daring Life subdu'd  
 Fall from their fair Obedience, and ev'n murmur  
 To see the Warlike Eagles mew their Honours,  
 In obscure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes,  
 They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain  
 The Fruits of *Italy* are Luscious: Give us *Egypt*,  
 Or sandy *Affrick* to display our Valours,  
 There, where our Swords may get us Meat and Dangers!  
 Digest our well-got Food, for here our Weapons  
 And Bodies that were made for shining Brass,  
 Are both unedg'd and old with Ease and Women!  
 And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*  
 Lin'd with hot *Spain* or *Gallia*? Bring 'em near:  
 And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*  
 Pour on us his wing'd *Parthians* like a storm:  
 Hiding the face of Heav'n with show'rs of Arrows,  
 Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Souldiers  
 Tyr'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds  
 Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more nor deeper,  
 And glory in these Scars that make 'em lovely.  
 And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims  
 They reckon up the Times and loading Labours  
 Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder  
 That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honour  
 Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests;  
 And then they blame you, Sir—And say, Who leads us!  
 Shall we stand here like Statues! Were our Fathers  
 The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians*!  
 Nothing but Silk and Softness? Curses on 'em  
 That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,  
*Tiberius* Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices;  
 For from the spring of these succeeding Princes—  
 Thus they talk, Sir.

# VALENTINIAN. 13

*Val.* Well !

Why do you hear these things ?

*Æcius.* Why do you do 'em ?

I take the Gods to witness with more sorrow  
And more vexation hear I these Reproaches  
Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-Glass.

*Val.* 'Tis like then you believe 'em or at least  
Are glad they should be so : Take heed — you were better  
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living  
Than dare a Prince's Anger.

*Æcius.* I am old, Sir :

And ten years more addition is but nothing :  
Now if my Life be pleasing to you, take it.  
Upon my knees, if ever any Service  
(As let me brag, some have been worthy notice !)  
If ever any Worth or Trust you gave me  
Deserv'd a Favour, Sir ; If all my Actions  
The hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants  
For You and for the Empire be not Vices :  
By the stile you have stamp't upon me, Souldier !  
Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

*Val.* I understand you not.

*Æcius.* Let not this Body

That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæsar*  
And covetous of Wounds, and for your safety.  
After the scape of Swords, Spears, Slings and Arrows,  
'Gainst which my beaten Body was my Armor !  
Throu' Seas, and thirsty Desarts, now be purchase  
For Slaves and base informers : I see Anger  
And Death, look throu' your Eyes—I am markt for  
Slaughter, and know the telling of this Truth has made Me,  
A man clean lost to this World—I embrace it,  
Only my last Petition, Sacred *Cæsar* !  
Is, I may die a *Roman*.—

*Val.* Rise ! my Friend still,  
And worthy of my Love : Reclaim the Souldiers !  
I'll study to do so upon my self.  
Go—keep your Command and prosper,

*Æcius.* Life to *Cæsar*.—

[*Ex*

*Val.*

*Val.*

*Val.* The Honesty of this *Æcius*,  
 Who is indeed the Bulwark of my Empire  
 Is to be cherisht for the good it brings,  
 Not valur'd as a Merit in the Owner!  
 All Princes are Slaves bound up by Gratitude,  
 And Duty has no Claim beyond Acknowledgment  
 Which I'll pay *Æcius*; whom I still have found  
 Dull, faithful, humble, vigilant and brave:  
 Talents as I could wish 'em for my Slave:  
 But oh this Woman!—  
 Is it a Sin to love this lovely Woman?  
 No: She is such a Pleasure, being good;  
 That though I were a God, shee'd fire my Blood.

*The End of the First Act.*

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chylax, Lycinius.*

*Bal.* I Never saw the like she's no more stirr'd,  
 No more another Woman, no more alter'd  
 With any Hopes or Promises laid to her,  
 Let them be ne'r so weighty, ne'r so winning,  
 Than I am with the motion of my own Legs.

*Proc. Chylax!*

You are a stranger yet in these Designs,  
 At least in *Rome*, tell me, and tell me truth  
 Did you e'er know in all your course of Practice  
 In all the ways of Women you have run through  
 For I presume you have been brought up, *Chylax*,  
 As we, to fetch and carry.

*Chyl.* True—I have so.

*Proc.* Did you, I say again in all this Progress  
 Ever discover such a piece of Beauty

Ever



Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt  
One that must know her worth too and affect it,  
I, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none: and honest  
Honest against the Tide of all Temptations?  
Honest to one Man, and to her Husband only,  
And yet not Eighteen, not of Age to know  
Why she is honest?

*Chyl.* I confess it freely  
I never saw her Fellow, nor ever shall:  
For all our *Græcian* Dames as I have try'd  
And sure I have try'd a hundred—if I say Two  
I speak within my Compass: All these Beauties  
And all the Constancy of all these Faces  
Maids, Widdows, Wives, of what Degree or Calling  
So they be *Greeks* and *Lat*: for there's my Cunning  
I would undertake, and not sweat for't: *Proculus*,  
Were they to try again, say twice as many  
Under a Thousand pound to lay them flat:  
But this Wench staggers me.

*Lycin.* Do you see these Jewels?  
You would think these pretty Baits now; I'll assure you  
Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*.

*Bal.* These are nothing  
To the full Honours I propounded to her:  
I bid her think and be, and presently  
Whatever her Ambition, what the Council  
Of others would add to her, What her Dreams  
Could more enlarge, What any President  
Of any Woman rising up to Glory;  
And standing certain there, and in the highest  
Could give her more, Nay to be Empress—

*Proc.* And cold at all these Offers?

*Bal.* Cold as Crystal,  
Never to be thaw'd.

*Chyl.* I try'd her further:  
And so far that I think she is no Woman.  
At least as Women go now.

*Lycin.* Why what did you?

*Chyl.*

16      *The* TRAGEDY *of*

*Chy.* I offer'd that, that had she been but Mistress  
Of as much spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd Her  
A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,  
The crying down for ever of all Beauties  
That may be thought come near her.

*Proc.* That was pretty.

*Chy.* I never knew that way fail ; yet I tell you,  
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours  
That, that had made a Saint start well consider'd ;  
The Law to be her Creature ; she to make it,  
Her Mouth to give it ; Every thing alive  
From her Aspect to draw their Good or Evil  
Fixt in 'em spight of Fortune, a new Nature  
She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages ;  
Time should be hers, what she did, flatt'ring Virtues  
Should bless to all Posterities, Her Air  
Should give us Life, Her Earth and Water feed us,  
And last to none but to the Emp'rour.  
(And 'then but when she pleas'd to have it so : )  
She should be held a Mortal.

*Lycin.* And she heard you ?

*Chy.* Yes, as a sick man hears a Noise, or he  
That stands condemn'd, his Judgment,  
Well, if there can be Virtue, if that Name  
Be any thing but Name, and empty Title,  
If it be so as Fools are us'd to feign it,  
A Power that can preserve us after Death,  
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages,  
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

*Bal.* I would the Emperor were that God.

*Chy.* She has in her  
All the Contempt of Glory, and vain seeming  
Of all the *Stoicks*, All the Truth of Christians,  
And all their Constancy ; Modesty was made  
When she was first intended ; When she blushes  
It is the holiest thing to look upon ;  
The purest Temple of her Sex, that ever  
Made Nature a blest Founder,  
If she were any way inclining

To Ease or Pleasure, or affected Glory,  
Proud to be seen or worshipp'd, 'twere a Venture:  
But on my Soul she is chaster than cold Camphire.

*Bal.* I think so too: For all the ways of Woman  
Like a full sail she bears against: I askt her  
After my many Offers, walking with her,  
And her many down Denials, How  
If the Emperor grown mad with Love should force her?  
She pointed to a *Lucrece* that hung by,  
And with an angry Look—that from her Eyes  
Shot Vestal Fire against me; she departed.

*Pro.* This is the first Woman I was ever posd in,  
Yet I have brought young loving things together  
This two and thirty Year.

*Chyl.* I find by this fair Lady  
The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange  
A wife and subtle Calling: And for none  
But staid, discreet and understanding People:  
And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*  
VVould say, A young man should not dare to read  
His Moral Books till after five and twenty,  
So must that He or She that will be Bawdy,  
(I mean discreetly Bawdy, and be trusted)  
If they will rise and gain Experience,  
VVell steep in Years and Discipline, begin it——  
I take it 'tis no Boys Play.

*Bal.* VVhat's to be thought of?

*Proc.* The Emperor must know it.

*Lycin.* If the VVomen should chance to fail too——

*Chy.* As 'tis ten to one.

*Proc.* VVhy what remains but new Nets for the purpose——  
Th' Emperor.——

*Enter Valentinian.*

*Emp.* VVhat! have you brought Her?

*Chy.* Brought her, Sir! Alas,

VVhat would you do with such a Cake of Ice

VVhom all the Love in th' Empire cannot thaw.

A dull cross thing, insensible of Glory,  
Deaf to all Promises, dead to Desire,  
A tedious stickler for her Husband's Rights,  
VWho like a Beggars Curr hath brought her up  
To fawn on him, and Lark at all besides.

*Emp.* Lewd and ill-manner'd Fool, wer't not for fear  
To do thee good by mending of thy Manners  
I'd have thee whipt! Is this thraccount you bring  
To ease the Torments of my restless mind.

*Balb.* { *Cæsar!* In vain your Vassals have endeavour'd  
*Kneeling.* { By Promises, Perswasions, Reasons, VVealth,  
All that can make the firmest Virtue bend  
To alter Her. Our Arguments like Darts  
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air  
Are lost and do not leave the least Impression:  
Forgive us, if we fail'd to overcome  
Vertue that could resist the Emperor.

*Emp.* You impotent Provokers of my Lust,  
VWho can incite and have no power to help,  
How dare you be alive and I unsatisfied,  
VWho to your Beings have no other Title  
Nor least Hopes to preserve 'em, but my Smiles;  
VWho play like poysonous Insects all the Day  
In the warm Shine of Me your Vital Sun;  
And when Night comes must perish——  
VVretches! whose vicious Lives when I withdraw  
The Absolute Protection of my Favour  
VWill drag you into all the Miseries  
That your own Terrors, Universal Hate,  
And Law, with Jayls and VWhips can bring upon you,  
As you have fail'd to satisfie my VVishes,  
Perdition is the least you can expect  
VWho durst to undertake and not perform!  
Slaves! was it fit I should be disappointed?  
Yet live——

Continue infamous a little longer;  
You have deserv'd to end. But for this once  
It not tread out your nasty snuffs of Life;  
But had your poysonous Flatteries prevail'd



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Upon her Chastity I so admire,  
 A Virtue that adds Fury to my Flames!  
 Dogs had devour'd ere this your Carcasses;  
 Is that an Object fit for my Desires  
 Which lies within the reach of your persuasions!  
 Had you by your infectious Industry  
 Shew'd my *Lucina* frail to that degree,  
 You had been damn'd for undeceiving me,  
 But to possess her chaste and uncorrupted,  
 There lies the Joy and Glory of my Love!  
 A Passion too refin'd for your dull Souls,  
 And such a Blessing as I scorn to owe  
 The gaining of to any but my self;  
 Hasten strait to *Maximus*, and let him know  
 He must come instantly and speak with me;  
 The rest of you wait here—I'll play to night:  
 You, sawcy Fool! send privately away

[To Chylax.

For *Lycias* hither by the Garden Gate,  
 That sweet-fac'd Eunuch that sung  
 In *Maximus's* Grove the other day,  
 And in my Closet keep him till I come.

[Exit Valent.

*Chyl.* I shall, Sir.

'Tis a soft Rogue, this *Lycias*  
 And rightly understood,  
 Hee's worth a thousand Womens Nicenesses!  
 The Love of VWomen moves even with their Lust,  
 VWho therefore still are fond, but seldom just:  
 Their Love is Usury, while they pretend,  
 To gain the Pleasure double which they lend.  
 But a dear Boy's disinterested Flame  
 Gives Pleasure, and for meer Love gathers pain;  
 „ In him alone Fondness sincere does prove,  
 And the kind tender Naked Boy is Love.

[Exit.

D 2

SCENE

## SCENE 2 A GARDEN.

*Enter Lucina, Ardelia and Phorka.*

*Ard.* You still insist upon that Idol Honour,  
 Can it renew your Youth? Can it add VVealth?  
 Or take off wrinkles? Can it draw mens Eyes  
 To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour  
 That truly is a Saint to none but Souldiers,  
 And lookt into, bears no Reward but Danger,  
 Leave you the most respected VVoman living?  
 Or can the common Kisses of a Husband  
 (VVhich to a Sprightly Lady is a Labour)  
 Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd;  
 The Honour of a VVoman is her Praises,  
 The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,  
 And not to bury such a happy Sweetness  
 Under a smoaking Roof.

*Lucina.* I'll hear no more.

*Phorb.* That VVhite and Red, and all that blooming Beauty,  
 Kept from the Eyes that make it so is nothing:  
 Then you are truly fair when men proclaim it:  
 The *Phoenix* that was never seen is doubted,  
 But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:  
 Virtue is either lame or not at all,  
 And Love a Sacriledge, and not a Saint,  
 VVhen it barrs up the way to mens Petitions.

*Ard.* Nay you shall love your Husband too; VVe  
 Come not to make a Monster of you.

*Lucina.* Are you VVomen?

*Ard.* You'll find us so; and women you shall thank too  
 If you have but Grace to make your Use.

*Lucina.* Fie on you.

*Phor.* Alas, poor bashful Lady! By my Soul  
 Had you no other Virtue, but your Blushes,  
 And I a man, I should run mad for those!  
 How prettily they set her off! how sweetly!

*Ard.*

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*Ard.* Come, Goddess, come! you move too near the Earth;  
It must not be, a better Orb stays for you.

*Lucin.* Pray leave me.

*Phorb.* That were a Sin, sweet Madam, and a way  
To make us guilty of your Melancholy;  
You must not be alone; In Conversation  
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Conscience  
Made easie and allowable.

*Lucin.* Ye are Devils.

*Ard.* That you may one day blest for your Damnation.

*Lucin.* I charge you in the Name of Chastity  
Tempt me no more: how ugly you seem to me!  
There's no wonder Men defame our Sex;  
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,  
When such as you shall bear the Name of Women!  
If you had Eyes to see your selves, or sense,  
Above the base Rewards yee earn with shame!  
If ever in your Lives yee heard of Goodness  
Tho' many Regions off,—as men hear Thunder;  
If ever you had Fathers, and they Souls,  
Or ever Mothers, and not such as you are!  
If ever any thing were constant in you  
Besides your Sins!  
If any of your Ancestors  
Dy'd worth a Noble Deed—that would be cherish'd,  
Soul-frighted with this black Infection,  
You would run from one anothers Repentance,  
And from your Guilty Eyes drop out those Sins  
That made ye blind and Beasts.

*Phorb.* You speak well, Madam!  
A sign of fruitful Education  
If your religious Zeal had Wisdom with it.

*Ard.* This Lady was ordain'd to bless the Empire,  
And we may all give thanks for Her.

*Phorb.* I believe you.

*Ard.* If any thing redeem the Emperor  
From his wild flying Courses this is she!  
She can instruct him—if you mark—she's wife too.

*Phor.* Exceeding wife, which is a wonder in her;

And

And so religious that I well believe,  
Tho' she wou'd sin she cannot.

*Ard.* And besides  
She has the Empire's Cause in hand, not Love's,  
There lies the main consideration  
For which she is chiefly born.

*Phor.* She finds that Point  
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it  
I look by her means for a Reformation,  
And such a one, and such a rare way carry'd.

*Ard.* I never thought the Emperor had wisdom,  
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,  
Till he profess this Love. Gods give 'em Children:  
Such as her Virtues merit and his Zeal;  
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,  
Or greater than *Ostaius*.

*Phor.* Do you mark too  
Which is a noble Virtue—how she blushes,  
And what flowing Modesty runs through her  
When we but name the Emperor.

*Ard.* Mark it !  
Yes, and admire it too : for she considers  
Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and Virtuous  
As holy Truth ; Yet to the Emperor  
She is a kind of Nothing— but her Service ;  
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it ;  
And when her Countries Cause commands Affection,  
she knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues ;  
Then fly the Blushes out like *Cupid's* Arrows,  
and though the Tie of Marriage to her Lord,  
Would fain cry, stay *Lucina*—yet the Cause  
And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love  
Makes her find surer Ends and happier,  
And if the first were chaste these are twice doubled.

*Phor.* Her Tartness to us too.

*Ard.* That's a wife one.

*Phor.* I like it, it shews a rising Wisdom,  
That chides all common Fools who dare enquire  
What Princes would have private.

*Ard.*



*Ard.* What a Lady shall we be blest to serve ?

*Lucin.* Go—get you from me,  
 Yee are your Purfes Agents not the Princes,  
 Is this the virtuous Love you train'd me out to ?  
 Am I a Woman fit to Imp your Vices?  
 But that I had a Mother and a Woman  
 Whose ever living Fame turns all it touches  
 Into the Good, it self was, I should now  
 Even doubt my self; I have been searcht so near  
 The very Soul of Honour. Why should you Two  
 That happily have been as chaste as I am!  
 Fairer I think by much (For yet your Faces  
 Like Ancient well-built Piles shew worthy Ruines)  
 After that Angel Age, turn mortal Devils!  
 For Shame, for Womanhood, for what you have been  
 (For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches)  
 If you have hope of any Heav'n but Court  
 Which like a Dream you'll find hereafter vanish:  
 Or at the best but subject to Repentance!  
 Study no more to be ill spoken of  
 Let Women live themselves; if they must fail;  
 Their own Destruction find 'em:

*Ard.* You are so excellent in all  
 That I must tell it you with Admiration!  
 So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear!  
 And when you come to Anger—'Tis so noble  
 That for my own part I could still offend  
 To hear you angry: Women that want that  
 And your way guided (else I count it nothing).  
 Are either Fools or Fearful.

*Phorb.* She were no Mistrefs for the World's great Lord  
 Could she not frown a raviht Kiss from Anger,  
 And such an Anger as this Lady shews us  
 Stuck with such pleasing Dangers (Gods I ask yee)  
 Which of you all could hold from?

*Lucin.* I perceive you,  
 Your own dark Sins dwell with you and that price  
 You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,  
 Run to Diseases with you—I despise you,

And

And all the Nets you have pitcht to catch my Virtue,  
 Like Spiders webs I sweep away before me!  
 Go! tell th'Emperor, You have met a Woman;  
 That neither his own Person, which is God-like,  
 The VWorld he rules, nor what that VWorld can purchase,  
 Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cæsar*!  
 The Honours that he offers for my Honour,  
 The Hopes, the Gifts, and everlasting Flatteries,  
 Nor any thing that's His, and apt to tempt,  
 No! not to be the Mother of the Empire  
 And Queen of all the holy Fires he worships,  
 Can make a VVhore of.

*Ard.* You mistake us, Madam.

*Lucin.* Yet tell him this, has thus much weaken'd me  
 That I have heard his Slaves and you his Matrons  
 Fit Nurses for his Sins! which Gods forgive me  
 But ever to be leaning to his Folly,  
 Or to be brought to love his Vice— Affure him  
 And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,  
 I never can; I have a Noble Husband  
 Pray tell him that too: Yet a Noble Name,  
 A Noble Family, and last a Conscience.  
 Thus much by way of Answer; for your selves  
 You have liv'd the shame of VVomen—die the better. [*Ex Luc.*]

*Phor.* VVhat's now to do?

*Ard.* Even as she said, to die.

For there's no living here and VVomen thus,  
 I am sure for us two.

*Phor.* Nothing stick upon her—

*Ard.* VVe have lost a Mass of Money. VVell Dame Virtue,  
 Yet you may halt if good Luck serve!

*Phor.* VVorms take her,

*Ard.* So Godly—

This is ill Breeding, *Phorba.*

*Phor.* If the VVomen

Should have a longing now to see the Monster  
 And she convert 'em all!

*Ard.* That may be, *Phorba!*

But if it be I'll have the Young men hang'd,

—Come—let's go think—she must not scape us thus. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the Emperor at Dice.*

Maximus. Lycin. Proc. and Chylax.

Emp. **N**Ay! set my Hand out: 'Tis not just  
I should neglect my Luck when 'tis so prosp'rous:

Chy. If I have any thing to set you, Sir, but Cloaths  
And good Conditions, let me perish;  
You have all my Money.

Proc. And mine.

Lycin. And mine too.

Max. You may trust us sure till to-morrow,  
Or if you please, I'll send home for Money presently.

Emp. 'Tis already Morning, and staving will be tedious.  
My Luck will vanish ere your Money comes.

Chy. Shall we redeem 'em if we set our Houses?

Emp. Yes fairly.

Chy. That at my Villa——

Emp. At it——'Tis mine.

Chy. Then farewell, Fig-Trees: For I can ner redeem 'em.

Emp. VVho sets?——Set any thing.

Lycin. At my Horse.

Emp. The Dapple Spaniard?

Lycin. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Lycin. He is so.

Max. Hah!

Lycin. Nothing, my Lord! But Pox on my Damn'd Fortune.

Emp. Come Maximus; You were not wont to flinch.

Max. By Heaven, Sir, I have not a Penny.

Emp. Then that Ring.

Max. O Good Sir, This was not given to lose.

Emp. Some Love-Token——Set it I say!

Max. I beg you, Sir.

Emp. How silly and how fond you are grown of Toys!

E

Max.

*Max.* Shall I redeem it?

*Emp.* VWhen you please to morrow  
Or next day as you will: I do not care  
Only for luck-sake——

*Max.* There Sir, will you throw?

*Emp.* Why then have at it fairly; the last stake?  
'Tis mine.

*Max.* Y'are ever fortunate! to morrow  
I'll bring you—what you please to think it worth.

*Emp.* Then your *Arabian Horse*: but for this night  
I'll wear it as my Victory.

*Enter Balbus.*

*Balb.* From the Camp  
*Ælius* in haste has sent these Letters; Sir;  
It seems the Cohorts mutiny for Pay.

*Emp. Maximus.*—This is ill News. Next week they are to march.  
You must away immediately: no stay.  
No, not so much as to take leave at home.  
This careful haste may probably appease 'em;  
Send word, what are their Numbers;  
And Money shall be sent to pay 'em all.  
Besides something by way of Donative.

*Max.* I'll not delay a moment, Sir,  
The Gods preserve you in this mind for ever.

*Emp.* I'll see 'em march my self.

*Max.* Gods ever keep you——

[Exit Max.]

*Emp.* To what end now d'e think this Ring shall serve?  
For you are the dull'st and the veriest Rogues——  
Fellows that know only by roat as Birds  
Whistle and sing.

*Chy.* Why, Sir, 'tis for the Lady.

*Emp.* The Lady! Blockhead! which end of the Lady?  
Her Nose!

*Chy.* Faith, Sir, that I know not.

*Emp.*



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*Emp.* Then pray for him that does—— [ *Exit Chylax.*  
Fetch in the Eunuch;  
You! See th'Apartment made very fine  
That lies upon the Garden, Masks and Musick,  
With the best speed you can. And all your Arts.  
Serve to the highest for my Master-piece  
Is now on foot.

*Proc.* Sir, we shall have a care.

*Emp.* I'll sleep an hour or two; and let the Women  
Put on a graver shew of Welcome!  
Your Wives! they are such Haggard-Bawds  
A Thought too eager. [ *Enter Chyl. and Lycias.*

*Chy.* Here's *Lycias*, Sir.

*Lyc.* Long Life to mighty *Cæsar*.

*Emp.* Fortune to thee, for I must use thee *Lycias*.

*Lyc.* I am the humble Slave of *Cæsar's* Will,  
By my Ambition bound to his Commands  
As by my duty.

*Emp.* Follow me.

*Lyc.* With Joy.—— [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE 2. GROVE and FOREST.

*Enter Lucina.*

*Lucin.* Dear solitary Groves where Peace does dwell,  
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!  
How willingly could I for ever stay  
Beneath the shade of your embracing Greens,  
Lifting to Harmony of warbling Birds,  
Tun'd with the gentle Murmurs of the Streams,  
Upon whose Banks in various Livery  
The fragrant offspring of the early Year  
Their Heads like graceful Swans bent proudly down,  
See their own Beauties in the Crystal Flood:  
Of these I could mysterious Chaplets weave,  
Expressing some kind innocent Design

To shew my *Maximus* at his Return  
 And fondly chiding make his Heart confess  
 How far my busie Idleness excels,  
 The idle Business he pursues all day,  
 At the contentious Court or clamorous Camp  
 Robbing my Eyes of what they love to see,  
 My Ears of his dear Words they wish to hear  
 My longing Arms of th'Embrace they covet:  
 Forgive me, Heav'n! if when I these enjoy,  
 So perfect is the happiness I find  
 That my Soul satisfi'd feels no Ambition  
 To change these humble Roofs and sit above.

*Enter Marcellina.*

*Marc.* Madam, My Lord just now alighted here,  
 Was by an Order from th'Emperor  
 Call'd back to Court!

This he commanded me to let you know,  
 And that he would make haste in his return.

*Lucin.* The Emperor!

Unwonted Horror seizes me all o're,  
 When I but hear him nam'd: sure 'tis not Hate;  
 For tho' his impious Love with scorn I heard,  
 And fled with terror from his threatening force  
 Duty commands me humbly to forgive  
 And bless the Lord to whom my Lord does bow!  
 Nay more methinks he is the gracefulest man,  
 His Words so fram'd to tempt, himself to please,  
 That 'tis my wonder how the Pow'rs above,  
 Those wise and careful Guardians of the Good,  
 Have trusted such a force of tempting Charms  
 To Enemies declar'd of Innocence!

'Tis then some strange Prophetick Fear I feel  
 That seems to warn me of approaching Ills.  
 Go *Marcellina*, fetch your Lute, and sing that Song  
 My Lord calls his: I'll try to wear away  
 The Melancholy Thoughts his Absence breeds!  
 Come gentle Slumbers in your flattering Arms

# VALENTINIAN. 29

I'll bury these Disquiets of my Mind  
Till *Maximus* returns—for when he's here  
My Heart is rais'd above the reach of Fear.

*Marcellina sings*——

## SONG. By Mr. W.

**W**Here wou'd coy *Aminta* run  
From a despairing Lovers Story?  
When her Eyes have Conquests won,  
Why shou'd her Ear refuse the Glory?  
Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain  
Be forbidden to complain?  
Let her scorn me, let her fly me,  
Let her Lookes her Life deny me.  
Ne're can my Heart change for Relief,  
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief;  
Much to Love and much to Pray  
Is to Heaven the only Way.

*Mar.* She sleeps.

[The Song ended, *Exeunt* *Claudia*  
and *Marcellina* before the Dance.

## SCENE 3. Dance of Satyrs.

*Enter* *Claudia* and *Marcellina* to *Lucina*.

*Claud.* Prithee, what ails my Lady, that of late  
She never cares for Company.

*Marc.* I know not  
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

*Claud.* Ridiculous! That were a Childish Fear!  
'Tis Opportunity does cause 'em rather,  
When two made one are glad to be alone.

*Marc.* But *Claudia*—Why this sitting up all Night

In

In Groves by purling streams? This argues Heat!  
 Great Heat and Vapors, which are main Corrupters!  
 Mark when you will; Your Ladies that have Vapors,  
 They are not Flinchers, that insulting Spleen  
 Is the Artillery of pow'ful Lust;  
 Discharg'd upon weak Honour which stands out  
 Two Fits of Head-Ach, at the most, then yields.

*Claudia.* Thou art the frailest Creature, *Marcellina!*  
 And think'st all Womens Honours like thy own!  
 So thin a Cobweb that each blast of Passion  
 Can blow away: But for my own part, Girl!  
 I think I may be well stil'd Honours Martyr.  
 With firmest Constancy I have endur'd  
 The raging Heats of passionate Desires!  
 While flaming Love and boyling Nature both  
 Were pour'd upon my Soul with equal Torture:  
 I arm'd with Resolution stood it out  
 And kept my Honour safe.

*Marc.* Thy Glory's great!  
 But, *Claudia*, Thanks to Heaven that I am made  
 The weakest of all women: fram'd so frail  
 That Honour ne'er thought fit to chuse me out,  
 His Champion against Pleasure: my poor Heart  
 For divers years still tost from Flame to Flame,  
 Is now burnt up to Tinder every Spark  
 Dropt from kind Eyes sets it a-fire afresh,  
 Prest by a gentle hand I melt away,  
 One Sigh's a Storm that blows me all along;  
 Pity a wretch, who has no Charm at all,  
 Against th'impetuous Tide of flowing Pleasure,  
 Who wants both Force and Courage to maintain  
 The glorious War made upon Flesh and Blood,  
 But is a Sacrifice to every wish  
 And has no power left to resist a Joy.

*Claud.* Poor Girl! How strange a Riddle Virtue is?  
 They never miss it who possess it not;  
 And they who have it ever find a want.  
 With what Tranquility and Peace thou liv'st!  
 For stript of Shame; Thou hast no cause to fear;



# VALENTINIAN.

31

While I the Slave of Virtue am afraid  
Of every thing I see: And think the World  
A dreadful wilderness of savage Beasts;  
Each man I meet I fancy will devour me;  
And sway'd by Rules not natural but affected  
I hate Mankind for fear of being lov'd.

*Marc.* 'Tis nothing less than Witchcraft can constrain  
Still to persist in Errors we perceive!  
Prithee reform; what Nature prompts us to,  
And Reason seconds, why should we avoid?  
This Honour is the veriest Mountebank,  
It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks  
And makes us freakish; what a Cheat must that be  
Which robs our Lives of all their softer hours,  
Beauty, our only Treasure it lays waste.  
Hurries us over our neglected Youth,  
To the detested state of Age and Uglinefs,  
Tearing our dearest Hearts Desires from us.  
Then in reward of what it took away  
Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights  
It bountifully pays us all with Pride!  
Poor shifts! still to be proud and never pleas'd,  
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

*Claud.* Concluded like thy self, for sure thou art  
The most corrupt corrupting thing alive,  
Yet glory not too much in cheating Wit:  
'Tis but false VVisdom; and its Property,  
Has ever been to take the part of Vice,  
VVhich tho' the Fancy with vain shows it please,  
Yet wants a power to satisfy the Mind.

*Lucina wakes.*

*Claud.* But see my Lady wakes and comes this way.  
Bless me! how pale and how confus'd she looks!

*Luc.* In what Fantastique new world have I been?  
VVhat Horrors past? what threatenng Visions seen?  
VVrapt as I lay in my amazing Trance,  
The Host of Heav'n and Hell did round me Dance:

De-

Debates arose betwixt the Pow'rs above  
 And those below : Methoughts they talkt of Love.  
 And nam'd me often ; but it could not be  
 Of any Love that had to do with me.  
 For all the while they talk'd and argu'd thus,  
 I never heard one word of *Maximus*.  
 Discourteous Nymphs ! who own these murmuring Floods  
 And you unkind Divinities o'th' VVoods !  
 VVhen to your Banks and Bowers I came distrest  
 Half dead throw' Absence seeking Peace and Rest.  
 VVhy would you not protect by these your Streams  
 A sleeping wretch from such wild dismal Dreams !  
 Mishapen Monsters round in Measures went  
 Horrid in Form with Gestures insolent ;  
 Grinning throu' Goatish Beards with half clos'd Eyes,  
 They look'd me in the face frighted to rise !  
 In vain I did attempt, methought no Ground  
 VVas to support my sinking Footsteps ! found.  
 In clammy Fogs like one half choak'd I lay,  
 Crying for help my Voyce was snatch'd away.

And when I would have fled,  
 My Limbs benumm'd, or dead.

Could not my Will with Terror wing'd obey  
 Upon my absent Lord for help I cry'd  
 But in that Moment when I must have dy'd :  
 With Anguish of my Fears confusing pains  
 Relenting Sleep loos'd his Tyrannick Chains

*Claud.* Madam, Alas such Accidents as these  
 Are not of value to disturb your Peace !  
 The cold damp-Dews of Night have mixt and wrought }  
 With the dark Melancholy of your Thought. }  
 And throu' your Fancy these Illusions brought.  
 I still have markt your Fondness will afford  
 No hour of Joy in th' absence of my Lord.

*Enter Lycias.*

*A Ring!*

*Lucin.* Absent, all night—and never send me word ?

*Lycias.* Madam, while sleeping by those Banks you lay!  
One from my Lord commanded me away.

In all obedient haste I went to Court,  
Where busie Crowds confus'dly did resort ;  
News from the Camp it seems was then arriv'd  
Of Tumults rais'd and Civil Wars contriv'd ;  
The Emperor frighted from his Bed does call  
Grave Senators to Council in the Hall——  
Throng's of ill-favour'd Faces fill'd with Scars  
Wait for Employments praying hard for Wars  
At Council Door attend with fair pretence  
In Knavish Decency and Reverence  
Banquers, who with officious Diligence—  
Lend Money to supply the present need  
At treble Use that greater may succeed,  
So publick Wants will private Plenty breed,  
Whisp'ring in every Corner you might see.

*Lucin.* But what's all this to *Maximus* and me ?  
Where is my Lord ? what Message has he sent ?  
Is he in Health ? What fatal Accident,  
Does all this while his wisht Return prevent ?

*Lycias.* When ere the Gods that happy hour decree,  
May he appear safe and with Victory ;  
Of many Hero's who stood Candidate  
To be the Arbiters 'twixt *Rome* and Fate ;  
To quell Rebellion and protect the Throne  
A Choice was made of *Maximus* alone ;  
The People, Souldiers, Senate, Emperor  
For *Maximus* with one consent concur.  
Their new-born hopes now hurry him away,  
Nor will their Fears admit one moments stay :  
Trembling through Terror lest he come too late  
They huddle his Dispatch while at the Gate  
The Emperor's Chariots to conduct him wait.

# 34 The TRAGEDY of

*Lucina.* These fatal Honours my dire Dream foretold!  
 Why should the Kind be ruin'd by the Bold?  
 He ne'r reflects upon my Destiny  
 So careless of himself, undoing mee  
 Ah *Claudia*! in my Visions so unskill'd  
 Hee'l to the Army go and there be kill'd.  
 Forgetful of my Love; Hee'l not afford  
 The easie Favour of a parting Word;  
 Of all my Wishes hee's alone the Scope  
 And hee's the only End of all my Hope,  
 My fill of Joy, and what is yet above  
 Joys, Hopes, and Wishes—He is all my Love:  
 Mysterious Honour tell me what thou art!  
 That takes up diff'rent Forms in every Heart;  
 And dost to diverse Ends and Interests move  
 Conquest is his—my Honour is my Love.  
 Both these do Paths so oppositely chuse  
 By following one you must the other lose.  
 So two strait Lines from the same Point begun  
 Can never meet, tho' without end they run——  
 Alas, I rave!

*Lycias.* Look on thy Glory, Love, and smile to see:  
 Two faithful Hearts at strife for Victory!  
 Who blazing in thy sacred Fires contend  
 While both their equal Flames to Heav'n ascend,  
 The God that dwells in Eyes light on my Tongue  
 Left in my Message I his Passion wrong;  
 You'l better guess the Anguish of his Heart,  
 From what you feel, then what I can impart;  
 But Madam, know the Moment I was come,  
 His watchful Eye perceiv'd me in the Room;  
 When with a quick precipitated haste  
 From *Cesar's* Bosom where he stood embrac'd  
 Piercing the busie Crowd to me he past—— }  
 Tears in his Eyes; his Orders in his Hand,  
 He scarce had Breath to give this short Command.  
 With thy best speed to my *Lucina* fly,  
 If I must part unseen by her I dy,



# VALENTINIAN.

35

Decrees inevitable from above,  
And Fate which takes too little Care of Love,  
Force me away : Tell her 'tis my Request,  
By those kind Fires she kindled in my Breast ;  
Our future Hopes and all that we hold dear,  
She instantly wou'd come and see me here.  
That parting Grievs to her I may reveal  
And on her Lips propitious Omens seal.  
Affairs that press in this short space of time  
Afford no other place without a Crime ;  
And that thou maist not fail of wisht for Ends  
In a success whereon my Life depends  
Give her this Ring. *[ Looks on the Ring.*

*Lucin.* How strange soever these Commands appear  
Love awes my Reason, and controuls my Fear.  
But how couldst thou employ thy lavish Tongue  
So idly to be telling this so long !  
When ev'ry moment thou hast spent in vain,  
Was half the Life that did to me remain.  
Flatter me, Hope, and on my Wishes smile,  
And make me happy yet a little while.  
If through my Fears I can such Sorrow show  
As to convince I perish if he go :  
Pity perhaps his Gen'rous Heart may move  
To sacrifice his Glory to his Love.

I'll not despair !

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove  
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love. *[Exit Lucina.*

*Lycias.* Thanks to the Devil, my Friend, now all's our own, }  
How easily this mighty work was done !  
Well ! first or last all Women must be won——

" It is their Fate and cannot be withstood

" The wise do still comply with Flesh and Blood ;

" Or if through peevish Honour Nature fail

" They do but lose their Thanks ; Art will prevail. *[Exit.*

## SCENE 4.

*Enter Æcius persuing Pontius, and Maximus following.*

*Max.* Temper your self, *Æcius*.

*Pont.* Hold, my Lord—I am a Souldier and a Roman!

*Max.* Pray Sir!

*Æcius.* Thou art a lying Villain and a Traytor.  
Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,  
You'l make me dang'rous: How dar'st thou pluck  
The Souldiers to Sedition and I living?  
And sow Seeds of rank Rebellion even then  
VVhen I am drawing out to Action?

*Pont.* Hear me!

*Max.* Are you a man?

*Æcius.* I am true, *Maximus*!

And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.

*Max.* But hear him what he can say!

*Æcius.* That's the way  
To pardon him, I am so easie-Natur'd,  
That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

*Pont.* I do beseech you, worthy General!

*Æcius.* H'has found the way already. Give me room,  
And if he scape me then, H'has Mercy.

*Pont.* I do not call you VVorthy, that I fear you:  
I never car'd for Death; if you will kill me,  
Consider first for what! not what you can do:

'Tis true I know you are my General;  
And by that great Prerogative may kill.—

*Æcius.* He argues with me!

By Heav'n a made-up finisht Rebel.

*Max.* Pray consider what certain ground you have.

*Æcius.* What Grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the Souldiers,  
How lazily they liv'd; and what dishonour  
It was to serve a Prince so full of Softness!  
These were his very Words, Sir.

*Max.* These! *Æcius*,  
Tho' they were rashly spoken, which was an Error,

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A great one, *Pontius*! yet from him that hungers  
For War, and brave Employment might be pardon'd!  
The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of ill makes Traytors,  
Not spleeny Speeches——

*Æcius*. Why should you protect him?  
Go to——it scarce shews honest——

*Max*. Taint me not!  
For that shews worse, *Æcius*! All your Friendship  
And that pretended Love you lay upon me;  
(Hold back my Honesty!) is like a Favour  
You do your Slave to day—to morrow hang him;  
Was I your Bosom-Friend for this?

*Æcius*. Forgive me!  
So zealous is my Duty for my Prince,  
That oft it makes me to forget my self;  
And tho' I strive to be without my Passion,  
I am no God, Sir; For you whose infection  
Has spred it self like Poyson throu' the Army,  
And cast a killing Fogg on fair Allegiance!  
First thank this Noble Gentleman; you had dy'd else:  
Next from your Place and Honour of a Souldier  
I here seclude you.

*Pont*. May I speak yet?

*Max*. Hear him.

*Æcius*. And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation  
At least Command! you bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.

*Pont*. Against her I shall never: The condemn'd man  
Has yet the priviledge to speak, my Lord,  
Law were not equal else.

*Max*. Pray hear, *Æcius*,  
For happily the fault he has committed:  
Tho' I believe it mighty; yet consider'd,  
If Mercy may be thought upon will prove:  
Rather a hasty Sin than heinous.

*Æcius*. Speak.

*Pont*. 'Tis true, my Lord, you took me tir'd with peace:  
My Words as rough and ragged as my Fortune,  
Telling the Souldiers what a man we serve  
Led from us by the Flourishes of Fencers;  
I blam'd him too for softness.

*Æcius*.

*Æcius.* To the rest, Sir.

*Pont.* 'Tis true I told 'em too

We lay at home to shew our Country

We durst go naked, durst want Meat and Money ;

And when the Slaves drink Wine, we durst be thirsty.

I told 'em too the Trees and Roots

Were our best Pay-masters.

'Tis likely too I counsell'd 'em to turn

Their warlike Pikes to Plow-shares, their sure Targets

And Swords hatcht with the Blood of many Nations

To Spades and Pruning-Knives: their warlike

Eagles, into Daws and Starlings.

*Æcius.* What think you

Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain

One that should give Example ?

*Max.* 'Twas too much.

*Pont.* My Lord ! I did not wooe 'em from the Empire,

Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel against *Cæsar* ;

The Gods for ever hate me if that motion

Were part of me ; Give me but Employment

And way to live , and where you find me vicious

Bred up to mutiny, my Sword shall tell you,

And if you please that Place I held maintain it

'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*, I'm honest !

A Lover of my Country one that holds

His Life no longer His than kept for *Cæsar* :

Weigh not—(I thus low on my Knee beseech you !

What my rude Tongue discover'd 'twas my want,

No other part of *Pontius* ; You have seen me

And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,

And both the wounds I gave and took

Not like a backward Traytor.

*Æcius.* All your Language

Makes but against you, *Pontius* ! you are cast,

And by my Honour and my Love to *Cæsar*

By me shall never be restor'd in Camp ;

I will not have a Tongue, tho' to himself

Dare talk but near Sedition : As I govern

All shall obey, and when they want, their Duty

And ready Service shall redress their needs,

Not prating what they would be.

*Pont.*



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*Pont.* Thus I leave you,  
Yet shall my Pray'rs, altho' my wretched Fortune  
Must follow you no more ; be still about you.  
Gods give you where you fight the Victory !  
You cannot cast my wishes.

*Æcius.* Come, my Lord !  
Now to the Field again.

*Max.* Alas poor *Pontius* !

[ *Exit.*

*The End of the Third Act.*

## ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Chylax at one Door, Lycinius and Balbus at another.*

*Lyc.* **H**OW now !

*Chy.* Shee's come.

*Balb.* Then I'll to the Emperor!

[ *Ex. Balb.*

*Chy.* Is the Musick plac'd well ?

*Lyc.* Excellent.

*Chy.* *Lycinius*, you and *Proculus* receive 'em  
In the great Chamber at her Entrance.

*Lycin.* Let us alone.

*Chy.* And do you here *Lycinius*.

Pray let the Women ply her farther off.

And with much more Discretion, one word more

Are all the Maskers ready ?

*Lycin.* Take no care man.

[ *Ex.*

*Chyl.* I am all over in a Sweat with Pimping ;

'Tis a laborious moyling Trade this.—

*Enter Emperor, Balb. and Procul.*

*Emp.* Is she come ?

*Chy.* She is, Sir ! but 'twere best  
That you were last seen to her.

*Emp.*

*Emp.* So I mean.

Keep your Court empty *Proculus*.

*Proc.* 'Tis done Sir.

*Emp.* Be not too sudden to her.

*Chy.* Good sweet Sir

Retire and Man your self: Let us alone,

We are no Children this way: One thing Sir!

'Tis necessary, that her She-Companions

Be cut off in the Lobby by the Women,

They'll break the Business else.

*Emp.* 'Tis true: They shall.

*Chy.* Remember your Place, *Proculus*.

*Proc.* I warrant you——— [ *Ex. Emp. Balb. and Proculus.*

*Enter Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina and Lycias.*

*Chyl.* She enters! Who waits there? The Emperor  
Calls for his Chariots; He will take the Air.

*Lucin.* I am glad I came in such a happy hour  
When hee'll be absent: This removes all Fears;

But *Lycias* lead me to my Lord,  
Heav'n grant he be not gone.

*Lyc.* Faith, Madam, that's uncertain!  
I'll run and see. But if you miss my Lord  
And find a better to supply his Room,

A Change so happy will not discontent you.— [ *Exit.*

*Luc.* What means that unwonted Insolence of this Slave?  
Now I begin to fear again. Oh—Honour,  
If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman  
And Sacrifice of Modesty offer'd to Thee  
Hold me fast now and be safe for ever.

*Chy.* The fair *Lucina*; Nay then I find  
Our Slander'd-Court has not sinn'd up so high  
To fright all the good Angels from its Care,  
Since they have sent so great a Blessing hither.  
Madam—I beg the Advantage of my Fortune,  
VVho as I am the first have met you here,  
May humbly hope to be made proud and happy  
VVith the honour of your first Command and Service.

*Lucin.* Sir—I am so far from knowing how to merit

Your

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Your Service, that your Complements too much,  
And I return it you with all my heart.

You'll want it Sir, for those who know you better.

*Chy.* Madam, I have the honour to be own'd  
By *Maximus* for his most humble Servant,  
Which gives me Confidence.

*Marc.* Now *Claudia*, for a Wager,  
What thing is this that cringes to my Lady?

*Claud.* Why some grave States-man, by his looks a Courtier.

*Marc.* *Claudia* a Bawd : By all my hopes a Bawd !  
What use can reverend Gravity be of here,  
To any but a trusty Bawd ?

States-men are markt for Fops by it, besides  
Nothing but Sin and Laziness could make him  
So very fat, and look so fleshy on't.

*Lucin.* But is my Lord not gone yet do you say Sir?

*Chy.* He is not Madam, and must take this kindly,  
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,  
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

*Lucin.* Whither?

*Chy.* Why to my Lord.

*Lucin.* Is it impossible  
To find him in this Place without a Guide,  
For I would willingly not trouble you ?

*Chy.* My only trouble, Madam, is my fear,  
I'm too unworthy of so great an Honour.  
But here you're in the publick Gallery,  
Where th' Emperor must pass, unless you'd see him.

*Lucin.* Bless me Sir—No—pray lead me any whither,  
My Lord cannot be long before he finds me. [Exeunt.]

*Enter* Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus. *Musick.*

*Lycin.* She's coming up the Stairs: now the Musick,  
And as that softens—her love will grow warm,  
Till she melts down. Then *Cæsar* lays his Stamp.  
Burn these Perfumes there.

*Proc.* Peace, no noise without.

# The TRAGEDY of A SONG.

Nymph.

**I** Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,  
Canst thou feel Love, and yet no pity know?  
Since of my self from thee I cannot part,  
Invent some gentle Way to let me go.

For what with Joy thou didst obtain,  
And I with more did give;  
In time will make thee false and vain,  
And me unfit to live.

Shepherd.

Frail Angel, that wou'dst leave a Heart forlorn,  
With vain pretence falsehood therein might lye;  
Seek not to cast wild shadows o're your scorn,  
You cannot sooner change than I can dye.

To tedious life I'll never fall,  
Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breast;  
He merits not to live at all,  
Who cares to live unblest.

Chor.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,  
While in that sacred fire;  
Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,  
Together both expire.

Enter Chyl. Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina.

*Lucin.* Where is this Wretch, this Villain *Lycias*?  
Pray Heav'n my Lord be here; for now I fear it.  
I am certainly betray'd. This curst Ring  
Is either counterfeit or stol'n.

*Claud.* Your fear  
Does but disarm your Resolution,  
Which may defend you in the worst Extreame:  
Or if that fail. Are there not Gods and Angels?

*Lucin.* None in this Place I fear but evil ones.  
Heav'n pity me.

*Chy.* But tell me, dearest Madam,  
How do you like the Song?

*Lucin.*



*Lucin.* Sir, I am no Judge  
Of Musick, and the words, I thank my Gods,  
I did not understand.

*Chy.* The Emperor  
Has the best Talent at expounding 'em;  
You'l ne'r forget a Lesson of his Teaching.

*Lucin.* Are you the worthy Friend of *Maximus*  
Would lead me to him? He shall thank you Sir,  
As you desire.

*Chy.* Madam, he shall not need,  
I have a Master will reward my Service,  
When you have made him happy with your Love,  
For which he hourly languishes—Be kind—— [*Whispers.*]

*Lucin.* The Gods shall kill me first.

*Chy.* Think better on't.  
'Tis sweeter dying in th' Emperor's Arms.

*Enter Phorba and Ardellia.*

But here are Ladies come to see you, Madam,  
They'l entertain you better. I but tire you;  
Therefore I'll leave you for a while, and bring  
Your lov'd Lord to you—— [*Exit.*]

*Lucin.* Then I'll thank you.  
I am betray'd for certain.

*Phorb.* You are a welcome Woman.

*Ard.* Bless me Heaven!  
How did you find your way to Court?

*Lucin.* I know not; would I had never trod it.

*Phorb.* Prithee tell me. [*Call Emperor behind.*]  
Good pretty Lady, and dear sweet Heart, love us,  
For we love thee extreamly. Is not this Place  
A Paradise to live in?

*Lucin.* Yes to you,  
Who know no Paradise but guilty Pleasure.

*Ard.* Heard you the Musick yet?

*Lucin.* 'Twas none to me.

*Phor.* You must not be thus froward. Well, this Gown  
Is one o'th' prettiest, by my troth *Ardellia*,  
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, Madam.

## The TRAGEDY of

You put this Gown on when you came.

*Ard.* How dee ye?

Alas, poſſr Wretch, how cold it is !

*Lucin.* Content you.

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,

So you will let me be ſo——Where's my Lord ?

For that's the buſineſs I come for hither.

*Phor.* We'll lead you to him : he's i'th' Gallery.

*Ard.* We'll ſhew you all the Court too.

*Lucin.* Shew me him, & you have ſhew'd me all I come to look on.

*Phor.* Come on, we'll be your Guides ; and as you go,

We have ſome pretty Tales to tell you, Madam,

Shall make you merry too. You come not hither

To be ſad, *Lucina.*

*Lucin.* Would I might not——

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chylax and Balbus in haſte.*

*Chyl.* Now ſee all ready, *Balbus* : run.

*Balb.* I fly Boy——

[*Exit.*

*Chy.* The Women by this time are warning of her,  
If ſhe holds out them ; the Emperor  
Takes her to taſk——he has her——Hark, I hear 'em.

*Enter Emperor drawing in Lucina. Ring.*

*Emp.* Would you have run away ſo ſlily, Madam ?

*Lucin.* I beſeech you Sir,

Conſider what I am, and whoſe.

*Emp.* I do ſo.

For what you are, I am fill'd with ſuch Amaze,

So far tranſported with Deſire and Love,

My ſlippery Soul flows to you while I ſpeak,

And whoſe you were, I care not, for now you are mine,

Who love you, and will doat on you more

Than you do on your Vertue.

*Lucin.* Sacred *Cæſar.*

*Emp.* You ſhall not kneel to me ; riſe.

*Lucin.* Look upon me,  
And if you be ſo cruel to abuſe me,

Think

# VALENTINEAN.

45

Think how the Gods will take it. Does this Face  
Afflict your Soul? Ile hide it from you ever;  
Nay more, I will become so leprous,  
That you shall curse me from you. My dear Lord  
Has ever serv'd you truly—fought your Battels,  
As if he daily long'd to die for *Cæsar*;  
Was never Traitor Sir, nor never tainted,  
In all the Actions of his Life.

*Emp.* How high does this fantastick Vertue swell?  
She thinks it Infamy to please too well.  
I know it——

[*Aside.*  
To her.

*Lucin.* His Merits and his Fame have grown together,  
Together flourish'd like two spreading Cedars,  
Over the *Roman* Diadem. O let not.  
(As you have a Heart that's humane in you)  
The having of an honest Wife decline him;  
Let not my Vertue be a Wedge to break him,  
Much less my Shame his undeserv'd Dishonour.  
I do not think you are so bad a man;  
I know Report belyes you; you are *Cæsar*,  
Which is the Father of the Empires Glory:  
You are too near the Nature of the Gods,  
To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Woman.

*Emp.* I dare not do it here. Rise, fair *Lucina*.  
When you believe me worthy, make me happy  
*Chylax*; wait on her to her Lord within.  
Wipe your fair Eyes——

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Ah Love! ah cursed Boy!  
Where art thou that torments me thus unseen,  
And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,  
With idle purpose to inflame her Heart,  
Which is as inaccessible and cold,  
As the proud tops of those aspiring Hills,  
Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,  
Tho' the hot Sun roll o're 'em every day?  
And as his Beams, which only shine above,  
Scorch and consume in Regions round below,  
Soft Love which throws such brightness thro' her eyes,  
Leaves her Heart cold, and burns me at her feet;  
My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,

A

A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.  
Who waits without? *Lycinius?*

*Enter Lycinius.*

*Lycin.* My Lord.

*Emp.* Where are the Masquers that should dance to night?

*Lycin.* In the old Hall Sir, going now to practise.

*Emp.* About it strait. 'Twill serve to draw away  
Those listning Fools, who trace it in the Gallery;  
And if by chance odd noises should be heard,  
As Womens Shrieks, or so, say, 'tis a Play  
Is practising within.

*Lycin.* The Rape of *Lucrece*,  
Or some such merry Prank——It shall be done Sir.

[*Ex.*

*Emp.* 'Tis nobler like a Lion to invade,  
Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,  
Than to wait tamely like a begging Dog,  
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.  
I scorn those Gods who seek to cross my Wilhes,  
And will in spite of 'em be happy: Force  
Of all the Powers is the most generous;  
For what that gives, it freely does bestow,  
Without the after-Bribe of Gratitude.  
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,  
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,  
And tear up Pleasure by the Roots: No matter  
Tho' it never grow again; what shall ensue,  
Let Gods and Fate look to it; 'tis their Business.

[*Exit*

### SCENE III.

*Opens and discovers 5 or 6 Dancing-masters practising.*

*1 Dan.* That is the damn'd shuffling Step, Pox on't.

*2 Dan.* I shall never hit it.

Thou hast naturally

All the neat Motions of a merry Tailor,

Ten thousand Riggles with thy Toes inward,

Cut clear and strong: let thy Limbs play about thee;

Keep



# VALENTINIAN.

47

Keep time, and hold thy Back upright and firm:  
It may prefer thee to a waiting Woman.

1 *Dan.* Or to her Lady, which is worse.

*Enter Lycinius.*

[*Ten dance.*]

*Lycin.* Blessme, the loud Shrieks and horrid Outcries  
Of the poor Lady! Ravishing d'ye call it?  
She roars as if she were upon the Rack:  
'Tis strange there should be such a difference  
Betwixt half-ravishing, which most Women love,  
And through force, which takes away all Blame,  
And should be therefore welcome to the vertuous.  
These tumbling Rogues, I fear, have overheard 'em;  
But their Ears with their Brains are in their Heels.  
Good morrow Gentlemen:  
What is all perfect? I have taken care  
Your Habits shall be rich and glorious.

3 *Dan.* That will set off. Pray sit down and see,  
How the last Entry I have made will please you.

*Second Dance.*

*Lycin.* 'Tis very fine indeed.

2 *Dan.* I hope so Sir——

[*Ex. Dancers.*]

*Enter Chyl. Proculus and Lycias.*

*Proc.* 'Tis done *Lycinius.*

*Lycin.* How?

*Proc.* I blush to tell it.

If there be any Justice, we are Villains,  
And must be so rewarded.

*Lycias.* Since 'tis done,  
I take it is not time now to repent it,  
Let's make the best of our Trade.

*Chy.* Now Vengeance take it:  
Why should not he have settl'd on a Beauty,  
Whose Modesty stuck in a piece of Tissue?  
Or one a Ring might rule? or such a one  
That had a Husband itching to be honourable,  
And ground to get it? If he must have Women,

And

And no allay without 'em, why not those  
That know the Mystery, and are best able  
To play a Game with judgment, such as she is?  
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,  
And brought to opportunities with millions,  
Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Vertue  
Keeps 'em like Beds of Snow.

*Lycin.* A good Whore  
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholsom,  
And the thing once done as well thought of too.  
But this same Chastity forsooth.

*Chy.* A Pox on't.  
Why should not Women be as free as we are?  
They are, but will not own it, and far freer,  
And the more bold you bear your self, more welcom,  
And there is nothing you dare say but Truth,  
But they dare hear.

*Proc.* No doubt of it — away,  
Let them who can repent, go home and pray. [Exeunt.

*Scene opens, discovers th' Emperor's Chamber. Lucina newly unbound by th' Emperor.*

*Emp.* Your only Vertue now is Patience,  
Be wise and save your Honour; if you talk —

*Lucin.* As long as there is Life in this Body,  
And Breath to give me words, I'll cry for Justice.

*Emp.* Justice will never hear you; I am Justice.

*Lucin.* Wilt thou not kill me Monster, Ravisher?  
Thou bitter Bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,  
And if thy guilty eyes dare see the Ruines  
Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,  
The sacrilegious razing of that Temple,  
The Tempter to thy black sins would have blusht at.  
Behold, and curse thy self. The Gods will find thee,  
That's all my Refuge now, for they are righteous;  
Vengeance and Horror circle thee. The Empire,  
In which thou liv'st a strong continu'd Surfeit,

# VALENTINIAN.

49

Like Poyson will disgorge thee ; good men raze thee  
From ever being read agen ;  
Chast Wives and fearful Maids make Vows against thee ;  
Thy worst Slaves, when they hear of this, shall hate thee,  
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee,  
And if thou let'st me live, the Souldier  
Tired with thy Tyrannies break thro' Obedience,  
And shake his strong Steel at thee.

*Emp.* This prevails not,  
Nor any Agony you utter Madam :  
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me ;  
Curse the first Cause, the Witchcraft that abus'd me ;  
Curse your fair Eyes, and curse that heav'nly Beauty,  
And curse your being good too.

*Lucin.* Glorious Thief !  
What restitution canst thou make to save me ?

*Emp.* I'll ever love — and ever honour you.

*Lucin.* Thou canst not ;  
For that which was my Honour, thou hast murder'd ;  
And can there be a Love in Violence ?

*Emp.* You shall be only mine.

*Lucin.* Yet I like better  
Thy Villainy than Flattery ; that's thy own,  
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,  
Or for thy safeties sake and wisdom kill me ;  
For I am worse than thou art : Thou maist pray,  
And so recover Grace — I am lost for ever,  
And if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thy self too.

*Emp.* I fear no loss but Love — I stand above it.

*Lucin.* Gods ! what a wretched thing has this man made me ?  
For I am now no Wife for *Maximus* ;  
No Company for Women that are vertuous ;  
No Family I now can claim or Countrey,  
Nor Name but *Cæsar's* Whore : Oh sacred *Cæsar* !  
(For that should be your Title) was your Empire,  
Your Rods and Axes that are Types of Justice,  
And from the Gods themselves — to ravish Women.  
The Curses that I owe to Enemies, ev'n those the *Sabins* sent,  
When *Romulus* (as thou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,  
Made more and heavier light on thee.

H

*Emp.*

*Emp.* This helps not.

*Lucin.* The sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,  
And where there has a chaste Wife been abus'd,  
Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,  
And last for ever, thine the fear'd Example.  
Where shall poor Vertue live now I am fallen?  
What can your Honours now and Empire make me,  
But a more glorious Whore?

*Emp.* A better Woman.

If you be blind and scorn it, who can help it?  
Come leave these Lamentations; you do nothing  
But make a noise—I am the same man still,  
Were it to do agen: Therefore be wiser; by all  
This holy Light I would attempt it.  
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,  
There were no pleasure in you else.

*Lucin.* Oh Villain!

*Emp.* So bred for man's Amazement, that my Reason  
And every help to do me right has left me:  
The God of Love himself had been before me,  
Had he but Eyes to see you, tell me justly  
How should I choose but err—then if you will  
Be mine and only mine (for you are so precious)  
I envy any other should enjoy you;  
Almost look on you, and your daring Husband  
Shall know he has kept an Offring from th' Emperor,  
Too holy for the Altars—be the greatest;  
More than my self I'll make you; if you will not,  
Sit down with this and silence: for which wisdom,  
You shall have use of me, if you divulge it,  
Know I am far above the faults I do,  
And those I do, I am able to forgive;  
And where your credit in the telling of it  
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine  
Is as my own Command shall make it. Princes  
Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose Whispers,  
Yet wear they two edg'd Swords for open Censures:  
Your Husband cannot help you, nor the Souldiers;  
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,  
And only where I bid 'em strike—I feed 'em,

Nor



# VALENTINIAN.

51

Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,  
Who as they made me greatest, meant me happiest,  
Which I had never been without this pleasure.  
Consider, and farewell. You'll find your Women  
Waiting without.

[Ex. Emperor.]

*Lucin.* Destruction find thee.

Now which way shall I go—my honest House  
Will shake to shelter me—my Husband fly me,  
My Family,  
Because they're honest, and desire to be so.  
Is this the end of Goodness? This the price  
Of all my early pray'rs to protect me?  
Why then I see there is no God—but Power,  
Nor Vertue now alive that cares for us,  
But what is either lame or sensual;  
How had I been thus wretched else?

*Enter Maximus and Æcius.*

*Æcius.* Let *Titus*

Command the Company that *Pontius* lost.

*Max.* How now sweet Heart!

What make you here and thus?

*Æcius.* *Lucina* weeping.

This is some strange offence.

*Max.* Look up and tell me.

Why art thou thus? my Ring! oh Friend I have found it!

You are at Court then:

*Lucin.* This and that vile Wretch *Lycius* brought me hither.

*Max.* Rise and go home. I have my Fears, *Æcius.*

Oh my best Friend! I am ruin'd. Go *Lucina*,

Already in thy tears I've read thy Wrongs.

Already found a *Cæsar*? Go thou Lilly,

Thou sweetly drooping Flower; be gone, I say,

And if thou dar'st—outlive this Wrong.

*Lucin.* I dare not.

*Æcius.* Is that the Ring you lost?

*Max.* That, that *Æcius*,

That cursed Ring, my self and all my Fortunes have undone.

Thus pleas'd th' Emperor, my noble Master,

For all my Services and Dangers for him,

To make me my own Pandar ! was this Justice ?  
Oh my *Æcius* ! have I liv'd to bear this ?

*Lucin.* Farewel for ever Sir.

*Max.* That's a sad saying;

But such a one becomes you well, *Lucina*.

And yet methinks we should not part so slightly;  
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted  
Than the sharp blast of one Farewel can scatter.  
Kiss me—I find no *Cæsar* here. These Lips  
Taste not of Ravisher, in my opinion.  
Was it not so ?

*Lucin.* O yes.

*Max.* I dare believe you.

I know him and thy truth too well to doubt it.  
Oh my most dear *Lucina* ! oh my Comfort !  
Thou Blessing of my Youth ! Life of my Life !

*Æcius.* I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience.  
Hold me, ye equal Gods ! this is too sinful.

*Max.* Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of,  
Thou only among millions of thy Sex ?  
Unfeignedly virtuous ! fall, fall chrystal Fountains,  
And ever feed your Streams, you rising Sorrows,  
Till you have wept your Mistress into marble.  
Now go for ever from me.

*Lucin.* A long farewell Sir !

And as I have been faithful, Gods, think on me.

*Æcius.* Madam farewell, since you resolve to die.  
Which well consider'd,  
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,  
I wish were rather alter'd.

*Lucin.* No.

*Æcius.* Mistake not.

I would not stain your Vertue for the Empire,  
Nor any way decline you to Dishonour :  
It is not my profession, but a Villain's ;  
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,  
And still am the same *Æcius*, still as honest ;  
The same Life I have still for *Æximus*,  
The same Sword wear for you where Justice bids me,  
And 'tis no dull one. Therefore misconceive me not.

Only I'd have you live a little longer.

*Lucin.* Alas Sir! why

Am I not wretched enough already?

*Æcius.* To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,  
And goodness in his days to come.

*Max.* They are so.

And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

*Æcius.* For who knows but the fight of you, presenting  
His swoln sins at the full, and your wrong'd Virtue,  
May like a fearful Vision fright his Follies,  
And once more bend him right again, which Blessing  
If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read,  
Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious;  
Death only eases you. This the whole Empire  
Besides compell'd and forc'd by violence,  
To what was done. The deed was none of yours;  
For should th' eternal Gods desire to perish,  
Because we daily violate their Truth,  
Which is the Chastity of Heav'n? No Madam—

*Lucin.* The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me.  
For could the World again restore my Honour,  
As fair and absolute as ere I bred it,  
That World I should not trust; again, the Emperor  
Can by my Life get nothing but my Story,  
Which whilst I breathe must be his Infamy:  
And where you counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*  
May see his Errors and repent; I'll tell you,  
His Penitence is but increase of Pleasure;  
His Pray'rs are never said but to deceive us;  
And when he weeps, (as you think, for his Vices)  
'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Yew-trees,  
That rot his harmless Neighbours, if he can grieve  
As one that yet desires his free Conversion,  
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in—my sad Ashes.

*Æcius.* The Farewel then of happy Souls be with thee,  
And to thy Memory be ever sung,  
The Praises of a just and constant Woman:  
This sad day whilst I live, a Souldier's Tears  
I'll offer on thy Monument.

*Max.* All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish;

All living Epitaphs be thine ; Times Story,  
And what is left behind to piece our Lives,  
Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles.

*Æcius.* But full of thee stand to Eternity,  
Once more farewell — Go find *Elizium*,  
There where deserving Souls are crown'd with Blessings.

*Max.* There where no vicious Tyrants come : Truth, Honour,  
Are keepers of that blest Place ; go thither. [Ex. *Lucina*.

*Æcius.* Gods give thee Justice.  
His Thoughts begin to work, I fear him yet ;  
He ever was a worthy *Roman*, but  
I know not what to think on't. He has suffer'd  
Beyond a man, if he stand this.

*Max. Æcius,*  
Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me ?  
It was my Wife th' Emperor abus'd thus,  
And I must say — I am glad I had her for him.  
Must I not *Æcius* ?

*Æcius.* I am stricken  
With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer  
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort.  
Will you go home, or go to my House ?

*Max.* Neither.  
I have no home, and you are mad *Æcius*,  
To keep me Company — I am a Fellow  
My own Sword would forsake, not tyed to me.  
By Heav'n I dare do nothing.

*Æcius.* You do better.

*Max.* I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*,  
Yet I must bless the Maker.  
Death on my Soul ! shall I endure this tamely ?  
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Wrongs ?  
I am a Child too ; what do I do railing ?  
I cannot mend my self. 'Twas *Cæsar* did it.  
And what am I to him ?

*Æcius.* 'Tis well remember'd ;  
However you are tainted, be not Traitor.

*Max.* O that thou wert not living, and my Friend !

*Æcius.* Ple bear a wary Eye upon your Actions :  
I fear you, *Maximus*, nor can I blame you,



If you break out ; for by the Gods, your Wrong  
Deserves a general Ruine. Do you love me ?

*Max.* That's all I have to live on.

*Æcius.* Then go with me.

You shall not to your own House.

*Max.* Nor to any.

My Griefs are greater far than Walls can compass ;  
And yet I wonder how it happens with me.  
I am not dang'rous, and in my Conscience,  
Should I now see the Emperor i'th' heat on't,  
I should scarce blame him for't : an awe runs thro' me,  
I feel it sensibly that binds me to it,  
'Tis at my Heart now, there it sits and rules,  
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

*Æcius.* This is a Mask to cozen me. I know you,  
And how far you dare do. No *Roman* farther,  
Nor with more fearless valour, and Ple watch you.

*Max.* Is a Wifes loss—  
More than the fading of a few fresh Colours ?

*Æcius.* No more, *Maximus*,  
To one that truly lives.

*Max.* Why then I care not ; I can live well enough, *Æcius* :  
For look you, Friend, for Vertue and those Trifles,  
They may be bought they say.

*Æcius.* He's craz'd a little.  
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.  
Will you go any ways ?

*Max.* Ple tell thee Friend,  
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,  
'Twou'd vex me,  
For I am not angry yet. The Emperor  
Is young and handfom, and the Woman Flesh,  
And may not these two couple without Scratching ?

*Æcius.* Alas, my *Maximus* !

*Max.* Alas not me, I am not wretched, for there's no man miserable  
But he that makes himself so.

*Æcius.* Will you walk yet ?

*Max.* Come, come ; she dares not die, Friend, that's the truth on't.  
She knows the enticing Sweets and Delicacies  
Of a young Princes Pleasure, and I thank her,

She

She has made way for *Maximus* to rise.  
Wilt not become me bravely ?

*Æcius*. Dearest Friend,  
These wild words shew your violated mind,  
Urg'd with the last extremity of grief ;  
Which since I cannot like a Man redress,  
With tears I must lament it like a Child ;  
For when 'tis *Cæsar* does the injury,  
Sorrow is all the Remedy I know.

*Max*. 'Tis then a certain truth that I am wrong'd,  
Wrong'd in that barb'rous manner I imagin'd :  
Alas, I was in hopes I had been mad,  
And that these Horrors which invade my Heart,  
Were but distracted melancholy Whimseys :  
But they are real truths (it seems) and I  
The last of men, and vilest of all Beings.  
Bear me cold Earth, who am too weak to move  
Beneath my load of Shame and Misery !  
Wrong'd by my lawful Prince, robb'd of my Love,  
Branded with everlasting infamy.  
Take pity Fate, and give me leave to die :  
Gods ! would you be ador'd for being good,  
Or only fear'd for proving mischievous ?  
How would you have your Mercy understood ?  
Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,  
Ordain'd tho' guiltless to be infamous ?  
Supream first Causes ! you, whence all things flow,  
Whose infiniteness does each little fill,  
You, who decree each seeming Chance below,  
(So great in Power) were you as good in Will,  
How could you ever have produc'd such ill ?  
Had your eternal minds been bent to good ?  
Could humane happiness have prov'd so lame,  
Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, thirst of Blood,  
Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair and Shame,  
Had never found a Being nor a Name.  
'Tis therefore less impiety to say,  
Evil with you has Coeternity,  
Than blindly taking it the other way,  
That merciful and of election free,

You

You did create the mischiefs you foresee.  
Wretch that I am, on Heav'n to exclaim,  
When this poor tributary Worm below,  
More than my self in nothing but in name,  
Who durst invade me with this fatal Blow,  
I dare not crush in the revenge I owe.  
Not all his Power shall the wild Monster save;  
Him and my shame I'll tread into one Grave.

*Æcius.* Does he but seem so?

Or is he mad indeed?——Now to reprove him,  
Were council lost; but something must be done  
With speed and care, which may prevent that Fate  
Which threatens this unhappy Emperor.

*Max.* O Gods! my Heart, would it would fairly break;  
Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,  
And yet I thank the Gods I know my Duty.

*Enter Claudia.*

*Claud.* Forgive me my sad Tidings Sir——She's dead,

*Max.* Why so it should be—— [*He rises*] How?

*Claud.* When first she enter'd

Into the House, after a world of weeping,  
And blushing like the Sun-set——

Dare I, said she, defile my Husband's House,  
Wherein his spotless Family has flourisht?

At this she fell——Choakt with a thousand sighs!

And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,

Her dying Looks, where new born Beauty shines,

Opprest with Blushes, modestly declines,

While Death approacht with a Majestick Grace,

Proud to look lovely once in such a Face:

Her Arms spread to receive her welcome Guest,

With a glad sigh she drew into her Breast:

Her Eyes then languishing tow'rs Heaven she cast,

To thank the Powers that Death was come at last:

And at the approach of the cold silent God;

Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad.

*Max.* No more of this——Begon. Now my *Æcius*,  
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;

I am so parcht I cannot—Your Example  
Has taught my tears to flow—Now lead away Friend,  
And as we walk together—Let us pray,  
I may not fall from truth,

*Æcius.* That's nobly spoken.

*Max.* Was I not wild, *Æcius*?

*Æcius.* You were troubled.

*Max.* I felt no sorrows then, but now my Grief,  
Like festering Wounds grown cold begins to smart,  
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.  
Lead on and weep, but do not name the Woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the fourth Act.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Æcius Solus.* A Letter.

*Æcius.* **L**OOK down, ye equal Gods, and guide my heart,  
Or it will throw upon my hands an act  
Which after Ages shall record with horror:  
As well may I kill my offended Friend;  
As think to punish my offending Prince.  
The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,  
And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em;  
But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacriledge,  
An injury to the Gods, And that lost Wretch  
Whose Breast is poyson'd with so vile a Purpose,  
Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own head,  
And leaves a Curse to his Posterity:  
Judge him your selves, ye mighty Gods, who know  
Why you permit sometimes that Honour bleed;  
That Faith be broke, and Innocence oppress:

My



My Duty's my Religion, and howe're  
The great Account may rise 'twixt him and you,  
Through all his Crimes I see your Image on him,  
And must protect it no way then but this,  
To draw far off the injur'd *Maximus*,  
And keep him there fast Prisoner to my Friendship;  
Revenge shall thus be flatter'd or destroy'd,  
And my bad Master whom I blush to serve,  
Shall by my means at least be safe. This Letter  
Informs him I am gone to *Ægypt*, there  
I shall live secure and innocent;  
His sins shall ne're o'ertake me, nor his fears,

*Enter Proculus.*

Here comes one for my Purpose, *Proculus*;  
Well met, I have a Courtesie to ask of you.  
*Proc.* Of me, my Lord! Is there a House on fire?  
Or is there some knotty Point now in debate  
Betwixt your Lordship and the Scavengers?  
For you have such a popular, and publick Spirit,  
As in dull times of Peace will not disdain  
The meanest opportunity to serve your Country.

*Æcius.* You witty Fools are apt to get your Heads broke:  
This is no season for Buffooning Sirrah;  
Though heretofore I tamely have endur'd  
Before th' Emperour your ridiculous Mirth,  
Think not you have a Title to be sawcy;  
When Monkey's grow mischievous, they are whipt,  
Chain'd up and whipt. There has been mischief done,  
And you (I hear) a wretched Instrument:  
Look to't, when e're I draw this Sword to punish,  
You and your grinning Crew will tremble, Slaves;  
Nor shall the ruin'd world afford a Corner  
To shelter you, nor that poor Princes Bosom,  
You have invenom'd and polluted so;  
As if the Gods were willing it should be  
A Dungeon for such Toads to crawl and croak in.

*Proc.* All this in earnest to your humblest Creature?  
Nay, then my Lord, I must no more pretend

With my poor Talent to divert your Ears;  
 Since my well-meaning Mirth is grown offensive.  
 Tho' Heav'n can tell,

There's not so low an Act of servile Duty,  
 I wou'd not with more Pride throw my self on,  
 For great *Æcius's* sake, than gain a Province,  
 Or share with *Valentinian* in his Empire.

*Æcius.* Thou art so fawning and so mean a Villain,  
 That I disdain to hate, tho' I despise thee;  
 When e're thou art not fearful, thou art sawcy;  
 Be so again, my Pardon gives thee leave,  
 And to deserve it, carry this my Letter  
 To the Emperor: Tell him I am gone for *Ægypt*,  
 And with me, *Maximus*; 'twas scarce fit we two  
 Should take our leaves of him: Pray use your Interest  
 He may forgive us. 'I will concern you much,  
 For when we are gone, to be base vicious Villains,  
 Will prove less dang'rous—— [Exit *Æcius*.

*Proc.* What the Devil possesses  
 This rusty Back and Breast without a Head-Piece?  
 Villains and Vicious! *Maximus* and *Ægypt*!  
 This may be Treason, or I'll make it so:  
 The Emperor's apt enough to fears and jealousies;  
 Since his late Rape. I must blow up the fire,  
 And aggravate this doating Hero's Notions,  
 Till they such Terrors in the Prince have bred,  
 May cost the Fool his worst part, that's his Head. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Emperour, Lycinius, Chylax, and Balbus.*

*Emp.* Dead?

*Balb.* 'Tis too certain.

*Emp.* How?

*Lycin.* Grief and Disgrace,  
 As people say.

*Emp.* No more, I have too much on't,  
 Too much by you. You whettors of my Follies;  
 Ye Angel-formers of my sins; but Devils,

Where

Where is your cunning now? you would work Wonders  
There was no Chastity above your practice;  
You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,  
And doat upon her Rape. Mark what I tell you,  
If she be dead!

*Chy.* Alas Sir!

*Emp.* Hang you Rascals.

Ye blasters of my Youth, if she be gone,  
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,  
Groan'd under weights of Wooll and Water.  
Am I not *Cæsar*?

*Lycin.* Mighty, and our Maker——

*Emp.* Then thus have given my Pleasures to destruction——  
Look she be living, Slaves——

*Chy.* We are no Gods, Sir,  
If she be dead, to make her live again.

*Emp.* She cannot dye, she must not dye: are those  
I plant my Love upon but common livers?  
Their Hours told out to 'em? Can they be Ashes?  
Why do you flatter a belief in me,  
That I am all that is? The World my Creature;  
The Trees bring forth their Fruit, when I say Summer;  
The Wind that knows no limits but its wildness,  
At my command moves not a Leaf: The Sea,  
With his proud mountain-Waters envying Heav'n,  
When I say still, runs into chrystal Mirrors.  
Can I do this and she dye? Why ye Bubbles,  
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,  
Ye Moths that fly about my Flames and perish;  
Why do ye make me God, that can do nothing?  
Is she not dead?

*Chy.* All Women are not dead with her.

*Emp.* A common Whore serves you, and far above you,  
The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with lewdness,  
A meer perpetual Motion makes you happy.  
Am I a man to traffick with Liseases?  
You think, because ye have bred me up to Pleasures,  
And almost run me over all the rare ones,  
Your Wives will serve the turn; I care not for 'em,  
Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and shall be Footmens,

Tho'

Tho' sometimes my Fantaſtick Luſt or Scorn,  
Has made you Cuckolds for variety ;  
I wou'd not have ye hope or dream, ye poor ones,  
Always ſo great a Bleſſing from me. Go,  
Get your own Infamy hereafter Rascals ; ye enjoy  
Each one an Heir, the Royal Seed of *Cæſar*,  
And I may curſe ye for it.

Thou *Lycinius*,  
Haſt ſuch a *Maſſelina*, ſuch a *Lais*,  
The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,  
The ſweat of fifty men a night does nothing.

*Lycin.* I hope Sir, you know better things of her.

*Emp.* 'Tis Oracle,

The City can bear witneſs, thine's a Fool, *Chylax*,  
Yet ſhe can tell her twenty, and all Lovers,  
All have lain with her too ; and all as ſhe is,  
Rotten and ready for an Hoſpital:  
Yours is a holy Whore, friend *Balbus*.

*Balb.* Well Sir.

*Emp.* One that can pray away the Sins ſhe ſuffers,  
But not the Punishment ; ſhe has had ten Baſtards,  
Five of 'em now are Liſtors, yet ſhe prays.  
She has been the Song of *Rome* and common Paſquil,  
Since I durſt ſee a Wenſh, ſhe was Camp-Miſtreſs,  
And muſter'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,  
They have it yet to ſhew, and yet ſhe prays.  
She is now to enter old Men turn'd Children,  
That have forgot their Rudiments ; and am I  
Left for theſe wither'd Vices ? And was there but one,  
But one of all the World that could content me,  
And ſnatcht away in ſhewing ? if your Wives  
Be not yet Witches, or your ſelves ? now be ſo,  
And ſave your Lives ; raiſe me the deareſt Beauty,  
As when I forc'd her full of Chſtity,  
Or by the Gods——

*Lycin.* Moſt ſacred *Cæſar*——

*Emp.* Slaves.

*Enter*



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*Enter Proculus.*

*Proc.* Hail *Cæsar*, Tidings of Concern and Danger;  
My Message does contain in furious manner,  
With Oaths and Threatnings, stern *Æcius*,  
Enjoyn'd me on the peril of my life,  
To give this Letter into *Cæsar's* hands,  
Arm'd at all points, prepar'd to march he stands,  
With crowds of mutinous Officers about him,  
Among these, full of Anguish and Despair,  
Like pale *Typhoea* along Hell-brinks,  
Plotting Revenge and Ruine——*Maximus*  
With Ominous aspects walks in silent horror,  
In threatning Murmurs and harsh broken speeches,  
They talk of *Ægypt* and their Provinces,  
Of Cohorts ready with their lives to serve 'em;  
And then with bitter Curses they nam'd you.

*Emp.* Go tell thy fears to thy Companions, Slave!  
For 'tis a Language Princes understand not;  
Be gone, and leave me to my self. [*Ex. all but Emperor.*]  
The names of *Æcius* and of *Maximus*,  
Run thro' me like a Fever; shake and burn me;  
But to my Slaves I must not shew my poorness.  
They know me vicious, shou'd they find me base,  
How would the Villains scorn me and insult?

*Letter. He reads.*

Sir,  
*Would some God inspire me with another way to serve you,  
I would not thus fly from you without leave; but  
Maximus his wrongs have toucht too many, and should  
His presence here incourage 'em, dangers to you might follow;  
In Ægypt he will be more forgot, and you more safe by his  
Absence.*

*Emp.* A Plot, by Heav'n! a Plot laid for my Life,  
This is too subtle for my dull friend *Æcius*;  
Heav'n give you Sir, a better servant to guard you,

A

A faithfuller you will never find than *Æcius*,  
 Since he repents his Friends Wrongs, he'l revenge 'em ;  
 I know the Souldiers love him more than Heav'n,  
 Me they hate more than Peace ; what this may breed  
 If dull security and confidence  
 Let him grow up, a Fool may find and laugh at.  
 Who waits there ? *Proculus*.

*Enter Proculus.*

Well, hast thou observ'd  
 The growing pow'r and pride of this *Æcius* ?  
 He writes to me with terms of Insolence,  
 And shortly will rebel, if not prevented ;  
 But in my base lew'd Herd of vicious Slaves,  
 There's not a man that dares stand up to strike  
 At my Command, and kill this rising Traitor.

*Proc.* The Gods forbid *Cæsar* should thus be serv'd,  
 The Earth will swallow him, did you command it !  
 But I have study'd a safe sure way,  
 How he shall dye and your will ne're suspected.  
 A Souldiers waits without, whom he has wrong'd,  
 Cashier'd, disgrac'd, and turn'd to beg or starve.  
 This fellow for revenge wou'd kill the Devil ;  
 Encouragement of Pardon and Reward,  
 Which in your name I'll give him instantly,  
 Will make him fly more swiftly on the Murther,  
 Than longing Lovers to their first appointment.

*Emp.* Thou art the wisest, watchful, wary Villain,  
 And shalt partake the secrets of my soul,  
 And ever feel my Favour and my Bounty.  
 Tell the poor Souldier he shall be a General,  
*Æcius* once dead.

*Proc.* Ay, there y'have found the point Sir,  
 If he can be so brutish to believe it.

*Emp.* Oh never fear ! urge it with Confidence.  
 What will not flatter'd angry fools believe ?  
 Minutes are precious, loose not one.

*Proc.* I fly Sir——

[*Exit Proculus.*

*Emp.*

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*Emp.* What an infected Conscience do I live with,  
And what a Beast I'me grown ? when Lust has gain'd  
An uncontroll'd Dominion in mans Heart !  
Then fears succeed with horror and amazement,  
Which rack the wretch and tyrannize by turns.  
But hold——

Shall I grow then so poor as to repent ?  
Tho' *Æcius*, Mankind, and the Gods forsake me,  
I'll never alter and forsake my self.  
Can I forget the last discourse he held ?  
As if he had intent to make me odious  
To my own face, and by a way of terror,  
What Vices I was grounden in, and almost  
Proclaim'd the Souldiers hate against me. Is not  
The sacred Name and Dignity of *Cæsar* ?  
Were this *Æcius* more than man sufficient  
To shake off all his Honesty ? He is dangerous,  
Tho' he be good, and tho' a Friend, a fear'd one,  
And such I must not sleep by ; as for *Maximus*,  
I'll find a time when *Æcius* is dispatcht.  
I do believe this *Proculus*, and I thank him ;  
'Twas time to look about ; if I must perish,  
Yet shall my fears go formost, that's determin'd.

[*Exit Emperor.*]

## SCENE III.

*Enter Proculus and Pontius.*

*Proc.* Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy  
The noble name of *Patrician*, more than that too ;  
The Friend of *Cæsar* y're stil'd. There's nothing  
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,  
But you may safely say is yours.

*Pont.* Pray stay Sir.

What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd ?  
At least I would have a Colour.

*Proc.* You have more.

Nay, all that can be given ; he is a Traitor.  
One, any man would strike that were a Subject.

K

*Pont*

*Pont.* Is he so foul?

*Proc.* Yes, a most fearful Traitor.

*Pont.* A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou ly'st; [Aside.  
I ever thought the Souldiers would undo him,  
With their too much Affection.

*Proc.* You have it.

They have brought him to Ambition.

*Pont.* Then he is gone.

*Proc.* The Emperour, out of a foolish Pity,  
Would save him yet.

*Pont.* Is he so mad?

*Proc.* He's madder,  
Would go to th'Army to him.

*Pont.* Would he so?

*Proc.* Yes *Pontius*, but we consider.

*Pont.* Wisely.

*Proc.* How else man, that the State lies in it?

*Pont.* And your Lives?

*Proc.* And every mans.

*Pont.* He did me [Aretus here.  
All the disgrace he could.

*Proc.* And scurvily.

*Pont.* Out of a Mischief meerly. Did you mark it?

*Proc.* Yes, well enough.

Now you have means to quit it;

The Deed done, take his Place.

*Pont.* Pray let me think on't,

'Tis ten to one I do it.

*Proc.* Do, and be happy—— [Exit Proculus.

*Pont.* This Emperor is made of nought but mischief,  
Sure Murther was his Mother. None to lop  
But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience,  
The man is truly honest, and that kills him.  
For to live here, and study to be true,  
Is all one as to be a Traitor. Why should he dye?  
Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offerings;  
In full abundance, Bawds, more than Beasts for slaughter?  
Have they not singing Whores enough, and Knaves besides,  
And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,  
But the best Sons of *Rome* must fall too? I will shew him

(Since



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(Since he must dye) a way to do it truly.  
And tho' he bears me hard, yet shall he know  
I'm born to make him bleſs me for a Blow.

[Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Phidius, Aretus, and Æcius.*

*Aret.* The Treason is too certain; fly my Lord.  
I heard that Villain *Proculus* instruct  
The desperate *Pontius* to diſpatch you here,  
Here in the Anti-Chamber.

*Phid.* Curſt Wretches,  
Yet you may eſcape to the Camp, we'll hazard with you.

*Aret.* Loſe not your Life ſo baſely Sir; you are arm'd,  
And many when they ſee your Sword, and know why,  
Muſt follow your Adventures.

*Æcius.* Get ye from me.  
Is not the Doom of *Cæſar* on this Body?  
Do I not bear my laſt hour here now ſent me?  
Am I not old *Æcius* ever dying?  
You think this Tenderneſs and Love you bring me;  
'Tis Treason and the ſtrength of Diſobedience;  
And if ye tempt me further ye ſhall feel it.  
I ſeek the Camp for ſafety, when my Death,  
Ten times more glorious than my Life and laſting,  
Bids me be happy. Let Fools fear to dye,  
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,  
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kiſſes.  
*Æcius* is not now to learn to ſuffer;  
If ye dare ſhew a juſt affection, kill me,  
I ſtay but thoſe that muſt; why do ye weep?  
Am I ſo wretched as to deſerve mens Pities?  
Go, give your Tears to thoſe that loſe their worths,  
Bewail their miſeries: For me, wear Garlands,  
Drink Wine, and much. Sing *Pæans* to my Praise,  
I am to triumph, Friends, and more than *Cæſar*,  
For *Cæſar* fears to dye, I love to dye.

*Phid.* O my dear Lord!

*Æcius.* No more, go, go I say,  
 Shew me not signs of sorrow, I deserve none.  
 Dare any man lament I should dye nobly ?  
 When I am dead, speak honourably of me ;  
 That is, preserve my Memory from dying,  
 There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,  
 A Tear or two will seem well ; This I charge you,  
 (Because ye say ye yet love old *Æcius*.)  
 See my poor Body burnt, and some to sing  
 About my Pile what I have done and suffer'd.  
 If *Cæsar* kill not that too : At your Banquets,  
 When I am gone, if any chance to number  
 The times that have been sad and dangerous ;  
 Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.  
 No more I say ; he that laments my end,  
 By all the Gods, dishonours me ; be gone,  
 And suddenly and wisely from my Dangers,  
 My Death is catching else.

*Phid.* We fear not dying.

*Æcius.* Yet fear a wilful Death, the just Gods hate it,  
 I need no Company to that, that Children  
 Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase,  
 Live till your honesties, as mine has done,  
 Make this corrupted Age sick of your Virtues.  
 Then dye a Sacrifice, and then you'll know  
 The noble use of dying well and *Romans*.

*Aret.* And must we leave you Sir ?

*Æcius.* We must all dye,

All leave our selves, it matters not where, when  
 Nor how, so we dye well. And can that man that does so,  
 Need Lamentation for him ? Children weep  
 Because they have offended, or for fear ;  
 Women for want of Will and Anger ; is there  
 In noble man, that truly feels both Poyses  
 Of Life and Death, so much of this weakness,  
 To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman ?  
 I am asham'd to see you, yet you move me,  
 And were it not my Manhood would accuse me,  
 For covetous to live, I should weep with you.

*Phid.* O we shall never see you more !

*Æcius.*

*Æcius.* Tis true.

Nor I the Miseries that *Rome* shall suffer,  
Which is a Benefit Life cannot reckon ;  
But what I have been, which is just and faithful ;  
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,  
And for he was an honest man durst dye.  
Ye shall have daily with you, could that dye too,  
And I return no Traffick of my Travels,  
No Annals of old *Æcius*, but he lived.  
My Friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly ;  
The common overflows of tender Women  
And Children new born ; Crying were too little  
To shew me then most wretched ; if Tears must be,  
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you ;  
You are to live, and yet behold those Slaughters,  
The dry and wither'd bones of Death would bleed at.  
But sooner than I have time to think what must be,  
I fear you'l find what shall be.

If you love me,  
Let that word serve for all. Be gone, and leave me ;  
I have some little practice with my Soul,  
And then the sharpest Sword is welcomest — Go,  
Pray be gone. Ye have obey'd me living,  
Be not for shame now stubborn — So — I thank ye —  
And fare you well — A better Fortune guide ye.

*Phid.* What shall we do to save our best lov'd Master? [*Aside.*]

*Aret.* I'll to *Affranus*, who with half a Legion  
Lies in the old *Subbura*, all will rise  
For the brave *Æcius*.

*Phid.* Ile to *Maximus*,  
And lead him hither to prevent this Murther,  
Or help in the Revenge, which I'll make sure of.

[*Exit Phidius and Aretus.*]

*Æcius.* I hear 'em come, who strikes first? I stay for you.

*Enter Balbus, Chylax, Lycinius.*

Yet will I dye a Souldier, my Sword drawn,  
But against none. Why do you fear? Come forward.

*Balb.* You were a Souldier *Chylax*.

*Chy.*

*Chy.* Yes, I muster'd,  
But never saw the Enemy.

*Lycin.* He's arm'd.  
By Heav'n I dare not do it.

*Æcius.* Why do you tremble?  
I am to dye. Come ye not from *Cæsar*  
To that end? speak.

*Balb.* We do, and we must kill you.  
'Tis *Cæsars* Will.

*Chy.* I charge you put your Sword up,  
That we may do it handsomly.

*Æcius.* Ha, ha, ha!  
My Sword up! handsomely! where were you bred?  
You are the merriest Murtherers, my Masters,  
I ever met withal. Come forward, Fools.  
Why do you stare? Upon my Honour, Bawds,  
I will not strike you.

*Lycin.* I'll not be first.

*Balb.* Nor I.

*Chy.* You had best dye quietly. The Emperor  
Sees how you bear your self.

*Æcius.* I would dye, Rascals,  
If you would kill me quietly.

*Balb.* Plague on *Proculus*,  
He promis'd to bring a Captain hither,  
That has been us'd to kill.

*Æcius.* I'll call the Guard,  
Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim  
What beastly, base, cowardly Companions  
The Emperor has trusted with his safety;  
Nay, I'll give out you fell on my side, Villains;  
Strike home you bawdy Slaves.

*Chy.* He will kill us,  
I markt his hand, he waits but time to reach us;  
Now do you offer.

*Æcius.* If you do mangle me,  
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,  
Or not so, stagger me, my Senses fail me,  
Look to your selves.

*Chy.* I told ye.

*Æcius.*



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*Æcius.* Strike me manly,  
And take a thousand strokes.

*Balb.* Here's *Pontius*.

*Pont.* Not kill him yet?

Is this the Love you bear the Emperor?

Nay, then I see you are Traitors all; have at ye.

*Chy.* Oh I am hurt.

*Balb.* And I am kill'd—

*Pont.* Dye Bawds,

As you have liv'd and flourish'd.

*Æcius.* Wretched Fellow,

What hast thou done?

*Pont.* Kill'd them that durst not kill,

And you are next.

*Æcius.* Art thou not *Pontius*?

*Pont.* I am the same you cast, *Æcius*,  
And in the face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

*Æcius.* Then so much nobler, as thou art a Soldier,  
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provokt thee?  
Or art thou hired to kill me?

*Pont.* Both.

*Æcius.* Then do it.

*Pont.* Is that all?

*Æcius.* Yes.

*Pont.* Would you not live?

*Æcius.* Why should I?

To thank thee for my Life?

*Pont.* Yes, if I spare it.

*Æcius.* Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank  
For any Courtesie but killing me,  
A fellow of thy Fortune. Do thy Duty.

*Pont.* Do you not fear me?

*Æcius.* No.

*Pont.* Nor love me for it?

*Æcius.* That's as thou dost thy Business.

*Pont.* When you are dead, your Place is mine, *Æcius*.

*Æcius.* Now I fear thee,  
And not alone thee, *Pontius*, but the Empire.

*Pont.* Why? I can govern Sir.

*Æcius.*

*Æcius.* I would thou coul'dst,  
 And first thy self: Thou canst fight well and bravely,  
 Thou canst endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;  
 Heav'ns angry Flashes are not suddener,  
 Then I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal,  
 The winged feet of flying Enemies,  
 I have stood and seen thee mow away like Rushes,  
 And still kill the Killer; were thy mind  
 But half so sweet in Peace as rough in Dangers,  
 I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me.  
 Come strike and be a General——

*Pont.* Prepare then,  
 And for I see your honour cannot lessen,  
 And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,  
 Fight your short span out.

*Æcius.* No. Thou know'st I must not;  
 I dare not give thee such advantage of me  
 As Disobedience.

*Pont.* Dare you not defend you  
 Against your Enemy?

*Æcius.* Not sent from *Cæsar*?  
 I have no power to make such Enemies,  
 For as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword  
 Stands but a Hatchment by me, only held  
 To shew I was a Souldier; had not *Cæsar*  
 Chain'd all defence in this Doom. Let him dye,  
 Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,  
 Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do wonders,  
 And open in an Enemy such wounds,  
 Mercy would weep to look on.

*Pont.* Then have at you,  
 And look upon me, and be sure you fear not,  
 Remember who you are, and why you live,  
 And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,  
 Nor think it base injustice I should kill thee.

*Æcius.* I am prepar'd for all.

*Pont.* For now *Æcius*,  
 Thou shalt behold and find I was no Traitor,  
 And as I do it, bless me—Dye as I do——

[*Pontius kills himself.*]

*Æcius.*

# VALENTINIAN.

73

*Aecius.* Thou hast deceiv'd me *Pontius*, and I thank thee,  
By all my Hopes in Heav'n thou art a *Roman*.

*Pont.* To shew you what you ought to do this is not;  
But noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,  
And held me in the Rank of dangerous persons,  
And I must dying say it was but justice,  
You cast me from my Credit, Yet believe me,  
For there is nothing now but truth to save me,  
And your forgiveness, tho' you hold me heinous  
And of a troubled Spirit that like fire  
Turns all to flames it meets with: You mistook me,  
If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas ease,  
Want of the Souldiers due.—The Enemy.

The nakedness we found at home, and scorn  
Children of Peace and pleasures, no regard  
Nor comfort for our Scars, nor how we got 'em;  
To rusty time that eats our Bodies up,  
~~And even began to prey upon our hours,~~  
To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuses;  
To them that when the Enemy invaded,  
Made us their Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*;  
To silken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,  
Forgetting with what Wind their Fathers sail'd,  
And under whose protection their soft pleasures  
Grow full and numberless. To this I am Foe,  
Not to the State or any point of Duty;  
And let me speak but what a Souldier may,  
Truly I ought to be so, yet I err'd,  
Because a far more noble Sufferer,  
Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I lost it;  
This is the end I dye for, to live basely,  
And not the follower of him that bred me,  
In full account and Virtue, *Pontius* dares not,  
Much less to out-live all that is good, and flatter.

*Aecius.* I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Souldier,  
For only good is far below thee, *Pontius*,  
The Gods shall find thee one: Thou hast fashion'd Death  
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,  
I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak one word more?  
For thy words are such Harmony, a Soul

L

Would

74 *The* TRAGEDY of

Would chuse to fly to Heav'n in.

*Pont.* A farewell,  
Good noble General your hand: Forgive me,  
And think whatever was displeasing to you,  
Was none of mine, you cannot live.

*Æcius.* I will not,  
Yet one word more.

*Pont.* Dye nobly, *Rome* farewell,  
And *Valentinian* fall.

In joy you have given me a quiet Death,  
I would strike more Wounds if I had more Breath

[*Dies*

*Æcius.* Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?  
Or any man that would outlive such Dying?  
Would *Cæsar* double all my Honours on me,  
And stick me o're with Favours like a Mistress;  
Yet would I grow to this man: I have Lov'd,  
But never doated on a Face till now.

Oh Death! Thou art more than Beauty, and thy Pleasures  
Beyond Posterity: Come Friends and kill me.

*Cæsar* be kind and send a thousand Swords,  
The more the greater is my fall: why stay you?

Come and I'll kiss your Weapons: fear me not;  
By all the Gods I'll honour ye for killing:  
Appear, or through the Court and World I'll search ye,  
I'll follow ye, and ere I die proclaim ye  
The Weeds of *Italy*; the dross of Nature,  
Where are ye Villains, Traitors, Slaves—

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

*Valentinian and the Eunuch discover'd on a Couch.*

*Emp.* Oh let me press these balmy Lips all day,  
And bathe my Love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses:  
Now by my Joys thou art all sweet and soft,  
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love,  
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,  
And pour out Pleasure and blest Sacrifice,  
To the dear memory of my *Lucina*,

No



# VALENTINIAN.

75

No God, nor Goddess ever was ador'd  
With such Religion, as my Love shall be.  
For in these charming Raptures of my Soul,  
Claspt in thy Arms, I'll waste my self away,  
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord,  
While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,  
I leave Mankind to mourn the loss for ever.

## A SONG.

I.

**K**indness hath resistless Charms,  
All besides can weakly move;  
Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
And clips the wings of flying Love.

2.

Beauty does the heart invade,  
Kindness only can persuade;  
It gilds the Lovers servile-chain,  
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

*Enter Æcius with two Swords.*

*Emp.* Ha!

What desperate Mad-man weary of his Being,  
Presumes to press upon my happy Moments?  
*Æcius?* And arm'd? Whence comes this impious Boldness?  
Did not my Will, the Worlds most sacred Law,  
Doom thee to die?

And dar'st thou in Rebellion be alive?  
Is Death more frightful grown than Disobedience?

*Æcius.* Not for a hated Life condemn'd by you,  
Which in your Service has been still expos'd  
To Pain and Labours, Famine, Slaughter, Fire,  
And all the dreadful Toyls of horrid War!  
Am I thus lowly laid before your feet?  
For what mean Wretch, who has his Duty done,  
Would care to live, when you declare him worthless?  
If I must fall, which your severe Disfavour

L 2

Hath

Hath made the easier and the nobler Choice,  
Yield me not up a wretched Sacrifice  
To the poor Spleen of a base Favourite.  
Let not vile Instruments destroy the man  
Whom once you lov'd : but let your hand bestow  
That welcome Death your anger has decreed.

[Lays his Sword at his feet.

*Emp.* Go, seek the common Executioner  
Old man, thro' vanity and years grown mad,  
Or to relieve thee from the Hangman's stroak,  
Go, use thy military Interest  
To beg a milder Death among the Guards,  
And tempt my kindl'd Wrath no more with folly.

*Æcius.* Ill-counsell'd thankless Prince, you did indeed

Bestow that Office on a Souldier ;  
But in the Army could you hope to find  
With all your Bribes a Murderer of *Æcius* ?  
Whom they so long have follow'd, known and own'd  
Their God in War ? and thy good Genius ever !  
Speechless and cold without, upon the Ground  
The Souldier lyes, whose generous Death will teach  
Posterity true Gratitude and Honour.

And press as heavily upon thy Soul,  
Lost *Valentinian*, as thy barb'rous Rape.  
For which since Heav'n alone must punish thee,  
I'll do Heav'n's justice on thy base Assister.

[Runs at Lycias.

*Lycias.* Save me, my Lord.

*Emp.* Hold honest *Æcius*, hold.

I was too rash. Oh spare the gentle Boy !  
And I'll forgive thee all.

*Lycias.* Furies and Death.

[Dies.

*Emp.* He bleeds ! mourn ye Inhabitants of Heav'n !  
For sure my lovely Boy was one of you !  
But he is dead, and now ye may rejoyce,  
For ye have stol'n him from me, spiteful Powers !  
Empire and Life I ever have despis'd,  
The vanity of Pride, of Hope and Fear,  
In Love alone my Soul found real Joys !  
And still ye tyrannize and cross my Love.  
Oh that I had a Sword,

[Throws him a Sword.  
To

# VALENTINIAN.

77

To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell.

[Fights.

*Æcius.* Take your desire, and try if lawless Lust  
Can stand against Truth, Honesty and Justice!  
I have my Wish. Gods! Give you true Repentance,  
And bless you still : beware of *Maximus*.

[*They fight. Acius runs on the Emp. Sword, and falls. Dies.*

*Emp.* Farewel dull Honesty, which tho' despis'd,  
Canst make thy owner run on certain Ruine.  
Old *Æcius* ! Where is now thy Name in War ?  
Thy Interest with so many conquer'd Nations ?  
The Souldiers Reverence, and the Peoples Love ?  
Thy mighty Fame and Popularity ?  
With which thou kept'st me still in certain fear,  
Depending on thee for uncertain safety :  
Ah what a lamentable Wretch is he,  
Who urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his pow'r  
To hope protection from his Favourite ?  
Wallowing in Ease and Vice ? feels no Contempt,  
But wears the empty Name of Prince with scorn ?  
And lives a poor lead Pageant to his Slave ?  
Such have I been to thee, honest *Æcius* !  
Thy pow'r kept me in awe, thy pride in pain,  
Till now I liv'd ; but since th'art dead, I'll reign.

*Enter Phidius with Maximus.*

*Phid.* Behold my Lord the cruel Emperor,  
By whose tyrannick Doom the noble *Æcius*  
Was judg'd to die.

*Emp.* He was so, sawcy Slave !  
Struck by this hand, here groveling at my feet  
The Traitor lyes ! as thou shalt do bold Villain !  
Go to the Furies, carry my Defiance,  
And tell 'em, *Cæsar* fears nor Earth nor Hell.

[Kills him.

*Phid.* Stay *Æcius*, and I'll wait thy mightier Ghost.  
Oh *Maximus*, thro' the long vault of Death,  
I hear thy Wife cry out, revenge me !  
Revenge me on the Ravisher ! no more  
*Aretus* comes to aid thee ! oh farewell !

[Dies.

*Emp.* Ha ! what not speak yet ? thou whose wrongs are greatest ;  
Or

Or do the Horrors that we have been doing,  
Amaze thy feeble Soul? If thou art a *Roman*,  
Answer the Emperor: *Cæsar* bids thee speak.

*Max.* A *Roman*? Ha! And *Cæsar* bids thee speak?  
Pronounce thy Wrongs, and tell 'em o're in Groans;  
But oh the Story is ineffable!

*Cæsar's* Commands, back'd with the Eloquence  
Of all the inspiring Gods, cannot declare it.

Oh Emperor, thou Picture of a Glory!

Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!

Speak, saist thou? Speak the Wrongs of *Maximus*.

Yes, I will speak. Imperial Murderer!

Ravisher! Oh thou royal Villany!

In Purple dipt to give a Gloss to Mischief.

Yet ere thy Death enriches my Revenge,

And swells the Book of Fate, you statelier Mad-man,

Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,

To make thy Fall more dreadful. Why hast thou slain

Thy Friend? thy only Stay for sinking Greatness?

What Frenzy, what blind Fury did possess thee,

To cut off thy right Hand, and fling it from thee?

For such was *Æcius*.

*Emp.* Yes, and such art thou;

Joynt Traitors to my Empire and my Glory.

Put up thy Sword; be gone for ever, leave me,

Tho' Traitor, yet because I once did wrong thee,

Live like a vagrant Slave. I banish thee.

*Max.* Hold me you Gods; and judg our Passions rightly,

Lest I should kill him: kill this luxurious Worm,

Ere yet a thought of Danger has awak'd him.

End him even in the midst of night-Debauches,

Mounted upon a *Tripas*, drinking Healths

With shallow Rascals, Pimps, Buffoons and Bawds,

Who with vile Laughter take him in their Arms,

And bear the drunken *Cæsar* to his Bed,

Where to the scandal of all Majesty,

At every grasp he belches Provinces,

Kisses off Fame, and at the Empires ruine,

Enjoys his costly Whore.

*Emp.* Peace Traitor, or thou dy'st.

Tho'



# VALENTINE AN.

79

Tho' pale *Lucina* should direct thy Sword,  
I would assault thee if thou offer more.

*Max.* More? By the immortal Gods I will awake thee;  
Ple rouse thee *Cæsar*, if strong Reason can,  
If thou hadst ever fence of *Roman* Honour,  
Or th' imperial Genius ever warm'd thee.  
Why hast thou us'd me thus? for all my Service,  
My Toyls, my Frights, my Wounds in horrid War?  
Why didst thou tear the only Garland from me,  
That could make proud my Conquests? Oh ye Gods!  
If there be no such thing as Right or Wrong,  
But Force alone must swallow all possession,  
Then to what purpose in so long descents  
Were *Roman* Laws observ'd or Heav'n obey'd?  
If still the Great for Ease or Vice were form'd,  
Why did our first Kings toyl? Why was the Plow  
Advanc'd to be the Pillar of the State?  
Why was the lustful *Tarquin* with his House  
Expell'd, but for the Rape of bleeding *Lucrece*?

*Emp.* I cannot bear thy words. Vext Wretch no more.  
He shocks me. Prithee *Maximus* no more.  
Reason no more; thou troublest me with Reason.

*Max.* What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,  
That lick'd the Dust where ere his Master trod,  
Bounded not from the Earth upon his feet,  
And shook his Chain, that heard of *Brutus* Vengeance?  
Who that ere heard the Cause, applauded not  
That *Roman*-Spirit, for his great Revenge?  
Yet mine is more, and touches me far nearer:  
*Lucrece* was not his Wife as she was mine,  
For ever raviisht, ever lost *Lucina*.

*Emp.* Ah name her not! That Name, thy Face, and Reason,  
Are the three things on Earth I would avoid:  
Let me forget her, I'll forgive thee all,  
And give thee half the Empire to be gone.

*Max.* Thus steel'd with such a Cause, what Soul but mine  
Had not upon the instant ended thee?  
Sworn in that moment.—*Cæsar* is no more;  
And so I had. But I will tell thee Tyrant,  
To make thee hate thy Guilt, and curse thy Fears,

*He dies,*

*Æcius*, whom thou hast slain, prevented me;  
*Æcius*, who on this bloody Spot lyes murder'd  
 By barb'rous *Cæsar*, watcht my vow'd Revenge,  
 And from my Sword preserv'd ungrateful *Cæsar*.

*Emp.* How then dar'st thou, viewing this great Example,  
 With impious Arms assault thy Emperor?

*Max.* Because I have more Wit than Honesty,  
 More of thy self, more Villany than Vertue,  
 More Passion, more Revenge, and more Ambition,  
 Than foolish Honour, and fantastick Glory.  
 What share your Empire? Suffer you to live?  
 After the impious Wrongs I have receiv'd,  
 Couldst thou thus lull me, thou might'st laugh indeed.

*Emp.* I am satisfy'd that thou didst ever hate me,  
 Thy Wifes Rape therefore was an act of Justice,  
 And so far thou hast eas'd my tender Conscience.  
 Therefore to hope a Friendship from thee now,  
 Were vain to me, as is the Worlds Continuance,  
 Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,  
 And short-liv'd pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.

*Æcius*, I mourn thy Fate as much as man  
 Can do in my condition, that am going,  
 And therefore should be busie with my self:  
 Yet to thy memory I will allow  
 Some grains of Time, and drop some sorrowing Tears.  
 Oh *Æcius*! oh!

*Max.* Why this is right, my Lord,  
 And if these Drops are orient, you will set  
 True *Cæsar*, glorious in your going down,  
 Tho' all the Journey of your Life was cloudy.  
 Allow at least a Possibility,  
 Where Thought is lost, and think there may be Gods,  
 An unknown Countrey after you are dead,  
 As well as there was one ere you were born.

*Emp.* I've thought enough, and with that thought resolve  
 To mount Imperial from the burning Pile.  
 I grieve for *Æcius*! Yes, I mourn him, Gods,  
 As if I had met my Father in the dark,  
 And striving for the Way had murder'd him.  
 Oh such a faithful Friend! that when he knew

# VALENTINIAN.

81

I hated him, and had contriv'd his Death,  
Yet then he ran his Heart upon my Sword,  
And gave a fatal proof of dying Love.

*Max.* 'Tis now fit time, I've wrought you to my purpose,  
Else at my entrance with a brutal Blow,  
I'd fell'd you like a Victim for the Altar,  
Not warn'd you thus, and arm'd you for your hour,  
As if when ere Fate call'd a *Cæsar* home,  
The judging Gods lookt down to mark his dying.

*Emp.* Oh subtil Traitor ! how he dallies with me?  
Think not thou sawcy Counsellor, my Slave,  
Tho' at this moment I should feel thy Foot  
Upon my Neck, and Sword within my Bowels,  
That I would ask a Life from thee. No Villain,  
When once the Emperor is at thy Command,  
Power, Life and Glory must take leave for ever.  
Therefore prepare the utmost of thy malice ;  
But to torment thee more, and shew how little  
All thy Revenge can do, appears to *Cæsar*.  
Would the Gods raise *Lucina* from the Grave,  
And fetter thee but while I might enjoy her,  
Before thy Face I'd ravish her again.

*Max.* Hark, hark *Aretus*, and the Legions come.

*Emp.* Come all, *Aretus*, and the Rebel Legions ;  
Let *Æcius* too part from the Gaol of Death,  
And run the flying race of Life again.  
He be the foremost still, and snatch fresh Glory  
To my last Gasp, from the contending World ;  
Garlands and Crowns too shall attend my Dying ;  
Statues and Temples, Altars shall be rais'd  
To my great Name, while your more vile Inscriptions  
Time rots, and mouldring Clay is all your Portion.

*Enter Aretus and Souldiers. They kill the Emperor.*

*Max.* Lead me to Death or Empire, which you please,  
For both are equal to a ruin'd man :  
But fellow-Souldiers, if you are my Friends,  
Bring me to Death, that I may there find peace,  
Since Empire is too poor to make amends

For half the Losses I have undergōne,  
A true Friend and a tender faithful Wife,  
The two blest Miracles of humane Life.  
Go now and seek new Worlds to add to this,  
Search Heav'n for Blessings to enrich the gift,  
Bring Power and Pleasure on the wings of Fame,  
And heap this Treasure upon *Maximus*,  
You'll make a great man not a happy one ;  
Sorrows so just as mine must never end,  
For my Love ravish'd, and my murder'd Friend. [Ex. omnes.

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# Epilogue.

Written by a Person of Quality.

**T**IS well the Scene is laid remote from hence,  
I would bring in question else our Author's sence.  
Two monstrous things, produc'd for this our Age,  
And no where to be seen but on the Stage.  
A Woman raviisht, and a Great man wise,  
Nay honest too, without the least disguise.  
Another Character deserves great blame,  
A Cuckold daring to revenge his shame.  
Surly, ill-natur'd Roman, wanting wit,  
Angry when all true Englishmen submit,  
Witness the Horns of the well-beaded Pit.  
Tell me ye fair ones, pray now tell me, why  
For such a fault as this to bid me dye.  
Should Husbands thus command, and Wives obey,  
I would spoil our Audience for the next new Play,  
Too many wanting who are here to day.  
For I suppose if ere that hapned to yee,  
Twas force prevailed, yee said he would undo yee.  
Struggling, cried out, but all alas in vain,  
Like me yee underwent the killing pain.  
Did you not pity me, lament each groan,  
When left with the wild Emperor alone?  
I know in thought yee kindly bore a part,  
Each had her Valentinian in her heart.

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